Where My Mustache Ends... Your Armpit Hair Begins

or, Pizza Guys

Where Your Mustache Ends and My Armpit Hair Begins

or... *Pizza Guys*

Act 1

Scene 1: L

Setting: Outdoor wilderness.

"Dawn of the Great Eastern Sun" by Course of Empire (any meditation music) plays over the peaceful sounds of nature. The audience stares mindlessly at this scenic view. The sun (cheesy neon cardboard cut out) rises over a distant mountain peak. The following words are projected onto the sun, "Whenever the sun sets it rises somewhere else." A few seconds pass and new words appear, "Where my mustache ends and your armpit hair begins."

The music picks up. Bushes and trees near center stage quiver. Our first unlikely hero, Bill, emerges from the foliage. He approaches the audience then exits stage left. John appears. He does essentially the same thing as Bill. A short time interval passes before the clown appears from the dense forest. He follows Bill and John.

The clown: (grumbles) What the hell am I going to eat for breakfast tomorrow?

A small question mark appears in the center of the sun.

Scene 2: S

Setting: Pizza Hut

Enter Kim. She wears large, dark sunglasses. Long platinum hair frames her placid figure. She scrapes long red finger nails on the wall as she walks. Moses (smiling and dressed in flowing white robes) approaches her.

Moses: Welcome to Pizza Hut, my fine trollop. Enter. Wait to be seated.

Kim struts past Moses (scratching his robes in place of the wall). Moses exits via the front door. The manager seats Kim at table #1 (see map #2). Kim faces the audience. She sits in silence for the entirety of this act and smokes (except for scene 7, during which she is mysterieously absent from the dining area).

The multi-roomed Pizza Hut stage is displayed with movable walls. When action occurs in the back rooms of Pizza Hut, the front walls are pulled away. The back dining room wall opens to reveal the work area. Employees loiter about. They endeavor to appear busy by folding boxes and oiling pans. Yet they accomplish very little. John struggles with a large box of frozen cheese in the freezer. An Attractive Female Employee (A.F.E.) hovers over John.

John: This is ridiculous! (upset) Does all this matter!? (stands to face the Attractive Female Employee. He crams a cigarette into his mouth.) Do you care if this cheese is properly stored? As long as it's frozen it won't rot.

Attractive Female Employee (A.F.E.): (fires John a seductive look) Wait here sugar. I'll be right back! (She pulls out a cigarette and lights it off John. A.F.E. kisses him on the cheek. She brushes her left middle finger across his standard Pizza Hut name tag. His name tag reads "Mr.Toast")

A.F.E. exits the freezer. The door swings shut. John looks up (from his slime smeared name tag) with a worried expression. The door automatically locks.

John: (knocks on the freezer door from the inside.) Does all this matter? Excuse me? Does all this matter? Does it...

Scene 3: L

Setting: The dining room walls slide back in place to hide the Pizza Hut work area. The manager stands at the cash register. The cash register counter is supported by clear glass behind which we see the manager's legs. Nearby, the cook leans against a wall and enjoys a smoke. On the cash register is a sticker which reads "In Pizza We Trust." The manager makes a gallant effort to look important. Tom Cruise enters the restaurant. The manager pulls a bundle of cash from his pocket and

transfers it into the cash register. He glances around to see if anyone needs help (ignoring Tom, who stops right in front of the counter). The manager leaves the cash register open and turns around to write on a large wall calendar. He writes "Hetero today, Hetero Tomorrow". While the manager's writes the cook reaches into the cash register and swipes two fistfuls of cash-money. Tom watches the cook blatantly rip off Pizza Hut. The cook stuffs the cash into his pockets then exits into the work area. He drops a few twenty dollar bills on the way. Tom Cruise remains silent in front of the checkout counter. He waits patiently for someone to acknowledge his existence. The manager (cigarette burnt down to the butt) turns back to the cash register and slams it shut. He looks up to Tom with a perplexed expression.

Manager: How was your meal?

Tom: Uhhh? I'm not here to eat. Er. About the 'help wanted' sign?

Manager: Yeah? What? (defensive) What!? Are you here to complain about the meat prices?

Tom: Well, er no? I was wondering if you still need help. The sign says you need pizza delivery personnel. And if you do, can I have an application?

Manager: (notices Bill enter the dining area from the work room door) (rapid) No application kid. Have a seat there (points to seat #2 behind Kim). I'll be right with you.

Tom sits as instructed. Bill fumbles through his delivery money pouch. It contains a LOT of coupons.

Manager: (haggard and tired) You can punch out now.

Bill: (surprised then worried) Hey! I forgot to punch in! I was about to. Then there was a mad rush of deliveries. I was swept off my feet. John showed up late. I had to work twice as hard, but-

Manager: Ok, Ok. Relax. I'll take care of it. I'm the manager, I can do that. Let's get this over with. Give me your receipt and money from the last delivery.

Bill: Sorry (Pulls nothing but coupons from his money bag. He rummages through empty cigarette packages and more coupons in his pockets.) Its around here somewhere.

Manager: (frustrated) Ok, keep looking for it. I'll be back. Stay there! (points at Bill's feet.) If you see John, tell him we need to talk.

The manager walks to Table #2 and sits across from Tom.

Tom: Er, hello sir. About the job position, I was thinking and I-

Manager: What's your name kid.

Tom: Tom, sir. Tom Cruise, that is.

Manager: Hmm, sounds familiar. You in trouble with The Law?

In the back ground Bill continues rummaging through his pockets. He mutters to himself about where he's left the keys to his car and whether or not he's scheduled to work next Tuesday.

Tom: No, sir!

Manager: Good! We won't have ex-cons workin' here. No Commies or Christians either! (The manager screams.) Are you a Jew boy?!?!?

Tom: (shocked and speechless, he nods his head in a negative gesture and whispers) No...

Manager: (calms down a little) Good! Get out a here! Come back tomorrow morning or whenever for an interview. In the mean time, think about how lucky you are to live in this country.

Tom: (ecstatic) Yes Sir! I'll be here tomorrow at sunrise. That is (looks at his watch.) 5:31 hours! Thank you sir!

Manager: I said, 'get out.' Now!

Tom reaches out to shake hands with the manager. The manager lights up a new smoke. Bill wanders off stage thru the work door. Tom simultaneously retracts his hand from the ambivalent manager and marches triumphantly out of Pizza Hut (thru the front door). The manager is left in the spot light for a brief moment. He smokes his cigarette. Then the moment is gone.

Scene 4: M

Setting: Prep room (where pizza stuff is prepared before it goes into the kitchen) Bill walks to the time clock and reaches for his time card. The cook breaks his train of thought. He speaks the inspiring message that every pizza guy knows well.

Cook: Delivery up! (He slides a pizza box into the sacred delivery bag. Then the cook returns to the kitchen and tips his cigarette ashes onto the floor.)

Bill grabs the delivery bag. He reads the ticket (which has the address where the pizza is to be delivered). He rushes to the walk in freezer and opens the door to reveal John, severly frostbitten.

Bill: Let's go! (He takes no notice of John's frozen condition and heads out the Pizza Hut back door. The freezer door closes on John again.)

The back wall of Pizza Hut slides away to show a parking lot. Bill waits inside his car. Nearby, Moses sits in a small orange car. Moses eats bread sticks with lots of tomatoe sauce. John (in all his glory) bursts onto stage. He leaps feat first through the closed passenger side window. (insert whatever cheep special effects necessary to provide the affect of shattering glass) Inside the car, John picks a lit cigarette off the dash board from amongst thousands of glass shards. John takes a long drag off the smoke and squirms as if his underwear is to tight. He leans into the broken window and reaches underneath his rump. From under his ass he pulls out a cute calico kitten (Popcorn, the car kitten).

John: (holds Popcorn to Bill's face) Wash this...

Bill: Here we go!

Ignoring the cat, Bill peels out of the parking lot. (Naked Raygun's "Home" blasts through Bill's stereo system).

Scene 5: S

Setting: A rental store called 'Naperville Rental'.

In this brief (but pivotal) scene three men dressed in black rob a rental store.

Robber #1: Bob! Get more tables!

Scene 6: S

Setting: In Bill's cheap Toyota. The pizza guys drive along a suburban street. Music from Bill's ultra-cool car stereo changes from one gay pop song to another every few seconds (as if his tuner has been left on scan mode). John and Bill stare out their respective windows. As they drive and talk (facing the audience) the lighting randomly shifts from night to day. A police car follows them with it's siren on. (There is always a police car following them. It doesn't always have the siren blaring. Whenever John and Bill drive together the lighting changes randomly from night to day.)

Bill: John, we need to talk.

John: (as if speaking to a baby) Pwabwems Bwiw?

Bill: (Puts in a new tape for more random rockin' tunes.) People don't care about much anymore. It's one thing to know a person and say you hate or love them, but the proof of action... it seems to be missing.

John: You mean they're searching for an answer without a question, when we ought to enjoy the world around us and do nice or bad things? (looks away from Bill, Bill continues gazing at John) Whatever that means...

Bill: (narrowly avoids a fatal car accident) Exactly! If we don't back our words then they mean nothing. Hey! Have you thought of a way to get fired yet?

John: Yes, I have.

Bill: Well?

John: I calculated that if we take enough dough for sixty pan pizzas and roll it into two giant bread sticks we can cook two, three meter long bread sticks.

Bill: Twenty three bread sticks that are each one meter long?

John: No, two bread sticks. Each three meters long.

Bill: How is this supposed to get us fired? We've tried wasting huge quantities of food before. No body noticed.

John: After we cook them, we joust!

Bill: What?

John: We joust! You know! Like in the dark ages where two knights would joust each other on horse back for the love of a woman. Same thing, only we'll do it in cars. And instead of metal spears, we'll use giant breadsticks. Perfectly safe, a win-win situation! Don't you agree?

Bill: (sighs) Like I said, words without action are meaningless.

John: (laughs) Don't make a big thing out of it. Action without words is meaningless, too!

Bill pulls into an empty parking lot (so really, they've gone nowhere).

Bill: Be right back. (climbs out of the car)

John: Rock on Dude!

John pulls an unopened carton of cigarettes out of Bill's glove box. He lights the first cigarette of a new pack. Bill's car is pulled offstage

Bill walks in the midst of a gigantic empty parking lot. A fast clock is displayed. The sun quickly moves across the sky to simulate the passage of time. After two days and three hours (10-15 seconds real time) he arrives at the front door of an apartment building. Bill cautiously opens the door and walks in. An old man approaches from behind. The old man can barely walk. He needs a four legged crutch to move and makes raspy breathing sounds. Before Bill can defend himself from the obvious threat, the old man attacks.

Old Man: I'll teach you a thing er two. Ya young whipper snippers, come lurking around my building in the wee hours. Got no respect for the decency of others!? I'll ram my walker up yer hindquarters! (the old man whacks Bill about the head viciously. He screams) God Damn Holligan Tom-boys with their trashed out good for nothing smelly eyed poopie friends.

Bill: What? (This is all he manages to say in response to the old man's verbal and physical abuse. Bill scrambles toward the exit -door he came in thru-.)

As Bill retreats a pay phone rings. Bill stops to answer it. The old man continues thrashing his ass.

Bill: (vainly wards off the old man) Hello?!

Person on Phone: Hey! Billy-boy! What's up bro?

Bill: Huh? (receives a punch to the head) Ouch! Stop it you crazy old man! Ahgk, I'm kinda busy. Who is this? What do you want?

Person on Phone: Just callin' to see how you're doin' Bill. Long time no see, eh? Thought it would be nice to shoot the shit fer a while. Know what I mean?

Old Man: (His assaults grow more violent!) Trash, trouble maker, no good long legged four arm mildew, marijuana freak!

Bill: Listen, I'd like to talk, but this old dude is beating the shit out of me, Ahh! Stop it!

Old Man: My mother all ways said, 'You'll never make it to the Olympics unless you remember to keep your swimsuit dry, keep your balance and beat the livin' daylights out of riff-raff like you!' (cuffs Bill hard on the knee's)

Bill: (screams in pain) AHHHRGK! MY KNEES!!!! (Bill falls to the floor)

Person on Phone: So, tell me, Bill. Are there any special people in your life these days?!? Huh huh? Know what I mean?

Bill drops the pizza delivery bag and runs back onto the parking lot. The phone is left dangling by the cord. The old man grabs the pizza from the ground and inspects it.

Old Man: Son of a Gun! I said pepperoni, not this snausage crap!

The old man smashes the pizza against the wall (right next to the pay phone) and picks up the phone receiver.

John: (to Popcorn) I think I'm getting used to these glass slivers!

Back in the car John has gone through at least 3 cartons of smokes. Ashes and butts are strewn about the car along with numerous shards of broken glass. As he waits for Bill to return, the stereo system catches his eye. The stage is dimly lit. The Kitten (Popcorn) is crouched on the dash above the steering wheel.

John: (longingly and to himself) I wish I had a tape deck in my car.

With a loving look in his eyes for the inanimate tape deck he reaches out to touch it just as Bill jumps through the driver's side (open) window. Bill is out of breath and in a hurry to get on the road. John retracts his hand from the stereo and regains his composure. Popcorn jumps off the dash and crawls to safety underneath a seat.

John: Did you deliver the pizza, dude? Where's your delivery bag?

Bill: Old Man. (pant pant pant) Kicked ass (pant pant pant) got to get away (pant pant pat) fast!

John: Oh. I see.

No sooner than after Bill navigates onto the highway (pull away false dividers lines of a parking lot), does a beaten up brown Volkswagen van pull next to the passenger side. The driver of the van hangs out the window and waves wildly.

John: Hey Bill, check this freak out!

Bill: (looks over to the van) Shit!!! (ducks below the steering wheel and steps on the accelerator) He's got a gun! Get down!

John: (lethargic voice) Thats no gun. It looks more like a banana peel...

Bill's car pulls ahead of the van. Two police cars, further back, turn on their sirens. The van swerves back and forth. The driver pulls out a machine gun. He fires into the air.

Bill: (still hiding) Man, I told you!

John: (turns around to look out the back window) That's just the cops shooting at some urban punks, dude. They're right behind us.

Bill lifts his head above the dash board. The van rams into his car from behind.

Bill: (glances in the rear view mirror and relaxes) Oh. You're right.

John: (points toward an exit ramp which turns into a bridge crossing the highway they're traveling) Get off here! I know this girl.

Bill swerves to miss a massive boulder in the middle of the road and takes the exit ramp (both cop cars smash into the rock). The van rams them again. Bullets ricochet off the back of their car.

Bill: (calmly) This calls for a drastic maneuver. (He checks his fingernails for undesirable chaffing)

The not-exactly-highspeed car chase goes over a bridge. Bill bounces his car off one safety rail and over the other. They fly in the doomed car toward a highway some thirty meters below (this effect is done by lifting the bridge and the van up into the lighting while Bill and John are left motionless on the stage). Before they 'land' Bill and John buckle up as a public reminder that seat belts saves lives. The car hits the pavement. Although this would destroy any normal car, it has no effect on Bill's amazing Toyota. Bill and John unbuckle their safety belts.

Scene 7: L

Setting: Back at Pizza Hut. A dozen people lounge about eating pizza or engaged in soft conversation. Kim is no longer in the building.

Bill's car pulls up behind the establishment. Both pizza guys climb out their respective windows (John gashes himself rather nastily on the broken glass and bleeds profusely for the remainder of the act). Steam rises off Bill's car (dry ice or a fog machine). They run in through the back door and out to the cash register where the manager grabs them both by their arms.

Manager: (pissed off) Where have you guys been?

Bill: (excited) Delivering a pizza!

Manager: Well, why didn't you say so!? I'll cash you out and you can go home. Give me the money. John? What are you doing here?

John: For all we know the universe may not even exist! In which case I'm not here. And hey, do you really care?

Bill: (ignoring John's misplaced statement) Ya see, this old guy attacked me and well, to make a story I don't have any money left from today's deliveries. I didn't actually complete any deliveries. The twenty dollars you gave me to make change, ahh, I needed to buy some spare parts for my radio. So I did that earlier instead of delivering one of my pizzas. But I expected to find-

Manager: What? What are you saying?

Bill: It's not that life is to short, it's not short enough!

Manager: You did what?

John: Hey, looka there! (He points to a dark figure standing outside a window.)

Manager: (surprised) Wait a second! You can't do that to me! I was in the NAM!

Bill: It was good pizza...

The shadowy figure fires a high powered machine gun at the three Pizza Hut Employees. One minute of destructive nonstop gunfire destroys everything within a ten meter radius of where Bill, John

and the manager stood. Blood spurts everywhere. The hail of bullets ceases and the assassin runs away. The three Pizza Hut Employees lay silent in pools of their own body fluids, obviously dead. The clients continue to eat their food or patiently await their pizzas as if nothing unusual has transpired.

At this point everything is enacted backward (including soundtrack of machine gunfire) at double speed to the point right before Bill says, "It was good pizza..."

Bill: ...azzip doog saw it. It was good pizza...

John points at group of four teenage kids. One smears a piece of pizza on the wall. They all laugh hysterically

The manager rushes over to the table. Bill and John exchange glances, shrug their shoulders simultaneously and briskly exit into the Pizza Hut Prep room. As they stride through the swinging door that separates the work area from the dining area (Bill goes first) the cook jumps out of the kitchen and bashes John over the head with a wooden pizza platter. John slumps to the floor. The door swings shut.

Manager: (upset) Number one, don't point a gun at my employees. Number two, Don't swear at my employees. And now...(drum roll) get out of my store!

The kids ignore him and smear more pizza on the wall.

Scene 8: S

Setting: In Bill's car as the sun sets.

Bill: (they cruise along the highway) Boy, oh boy. That was sure one shootin' weird scene!

John: Yes it was, Bill. What an astute observer you are.

Bill: Did you see the way his eyes bulged out of his head when...

John: Watch out!!! (Point's straight ahead where a highway divider is coming right at them)

Bill screams but doesn't try to avoid the immense concrete wedge his car rams into at top speed. Rather than being ripped in half, Bill's car (through some unexplainable breach of natural law, or elementary quantum physics) becomes two cars, each heading safely down different roads. Now the scene becomes complicated. We shift back and forth from Bill's car (#1 -stage left) to the other Bill's car (#2 - stage right). The second car is an exact duplicate with 'stand ins' to play Bill and John. First we go to the car that holds the real pizza guys.

car #1:

John: Wow! Let's never do that again!

Bill: OK, dude! (wipes the sweat off his brow)

John: We better hurry up or we'll be late for tonight's performance.

Bill: No problem. (he steps on the accelerator and police sirens blare behind him.)

car #2:

John (stand in): Wow! Let's noy do that again!

Bill (stand in): OK dude! (wipes gummy bear off his forehead)

John (stand in): We better hurry up or your mom's going to be late for dinner.

Bill (stand in): What?

John (stand in): Er? What am I saying? I meant to say... What was I going to say. Damnit! I had something important to say. But... AHH!

Bill (stand in): So, what's this about my mom?

John (stand in): I need a drink.

car #1:

Bill and John put on chicken suits.

Bill: Let's do this.

They jog around stage left. A few extras mill about on stage and eat food. None are particularly interested in Bill and John's chicken antics. Arriving at the center of their own attention, the two chicken suited men stand side by side and wave their arms.

Bill and John: (we can no longer tell which is which) Hello everyone! How are you tonight!?

A black grand piano falls from high above and crushes them both. The on-stage extras are amazed. We here a spattering of light applause. Then suddenly they burst into song ("Maybeline" by Chuck Berry). All actors and extras (except Bill and John) crowd the stage to do a well choreographed dance routine. Chuck Berry makes a guest performance. He does the famous 'Pigeon Walk' over the broken piano while jamming on his guitar.

car #2

Bill's car is parked on a deserted seashore. The sun looks like a giant orange pool ball (or more realistically another cardboard cut out). It sits on top of the ocean horizon and slowly sinks into it. The pizza guys sit on the hood of Bill's car. John holds an open can of Miller beer in his hand.

Bill (stand in): I'd like to say a few words about the production of this play.

John (stand in): Er, actually, Bill. I thought that maybe we would talk about some deep philosophical issue in a light hearted, innocent way.

Bill (stand in): Why? Nobody cares about that crap. Let's tell them how we convinced the director to make us chickens instead of penguins for that last scene.

John (stand in): I'd rather not.

As the sun disappears Bill and John are transformed into Jamaicans with long dread locks (i.e. they whip out dread lock wigs). Both their physical appearance (hair) and voices change. The metamorphosis begins when the sun fuses into the ocean. It is complete when the horizon has engulfed the sun.

Bill (stand in): God! You're such a woos. You're afraid that people don't want to here us talk about how we made dis movie.

John (stand in): No, man! Tis no big T'ing, man! I and I not 'fraid o' dat. I knows dat. None cares 'bout how we made dis. It be hard 'nough for none to care 'bout dis movie, if we start gabbin' 'bout how we made it. It be even harder for dem to care.

Bill (stand in): Jah man! You jes a girly man, dread liar. You joost 'fraid dat dem no care to hear rappin' bout how we made dis... Wha!? (voice back to normal) What are you tring to say? I can't understand a word I'm saying. I see my lips moving and I here something, but I don't get it.

John (stand in): Shut up, Bill.

Bill (stand in): You dork!

Act 2

Scene 1: S

Setting: Inside the Pizza Hut dining area. The manager is snuggled up in a Sesame Street sleeping bag (matching pajamas portraying Oscar the Grouch). He hides under the cash register. Tom Cruise enters the restaurant. He is dressed like a real winner. Tom rings the service bell. The manager stirs. The restaurant is full of customers (all eating pizza). No employees are seen serving them.

Tom: (Still at the counter). Hello sir! It's Five thirty-one. I'm here for my interview!

Manager: (gets up and crushes out a cigarette). Huh? (Crushing another cigarette butt.) Yeah, I bet you are. Have a seat. (points at table #2, in his mouth is a newly lit cigarette.)

Tom sits down. The manager follows him.

Manager: (Sits down) What do you want?

Tom: A job...Sir? I was here yesterday. About driving delivery for you?

Manager: Yeah yeah, right whatever. (belches) What's yer name?

Tom: Tom. Tom Cruise, sir.

Manager: Yeah right. Ok, well? Go get a uniform and name tag. We'll put you to work and see how ya do. Ok?

Tom: (frantic and happy) OK!!!! This is great!

Tom jumps up and zips out the front door. The smoking manager lays down on the booth's cheep plastic covered seat.

Manager: (groans) Great...

Scene 2: L

Setting: Planet Earth rotates and creates the illusion a star rising out of Dominics (a food store). It (Dominics and the Sun) radiates energy onto the parking lot of Pizza Hut. A most glorious morning.

Moses sits atop the ramp railing behind Pizza Hut. He scarfs down bread sticks. While chewing, a white Lamborgini (another cardboard cut out on rollers!) pulls into the parking lot. California license plates reads "JAMMIN". The door opens placidly. Tom Cruise (decked out in fresh tailored Pizza Hut uniform) steps out. Tom grabs a delivery sign off the passenger seat and sticks it to the top of his car with suction cups. It is quite possibly the coolest car on the planet. Tom gently shuts the door. He struts around the object and eyes it with a passion known only to avid car collectors (and most sport fans). After pulling a handkerchief out of his rear pocket, he rubs off an imaginary water spot. Satisfied with perfection, he hops over the railing Moses sits on. Moses ignores Tom and continues to eat bread sticks. For an instant Tom opens his mouth and seems as if he might say something. Tom closes his mouth and walks through the backdoor into the Pizza Hut work room.

Just as the door closes, the screech of burning rubber is heard. The pizza guys appear on the parking lot (in Bill's car) like bats out of hell. They head straight for Tom's car.

John: So I tell her that I tested negative. You would think she'd at least have the decency to pass me the celery. All I really wanted was to be alone with your car stereo. Er... I mean...

Bill: (takes his eyes off the raod. Police sirens silence.) You did what to my car stereo?

John: Nothing man. I swear. Nothing that isn't normal to do with a car stereo.

Bill: (concerned) Good. I'm sorry but it is MY stereo. You mess with your own AM radio without a tape deck, but this... (points to his tape player and his voice becomes passionate) This is my baby. (They both let out a long sigh).

Bill's car smashes into Tom's mint condition Lamborgini. Both cars are destroyed. After the sounds of metal spinning and bouncing on concrete fades away, John and Bill climb out the driverside window. The passenger side is imbedded in the Lamborgini. Oddly enough it is John who climbs out first. Once safely out of Bill's wrecked car, they run up the ramp and into the building (ignoring the wrecked cars). Moses, still eating bread sticks, stares at the cars in shock with his jaws agape and tomato sauce drooling out of his mouth (onto white robes).

Bill: (annoyed) (to Moses) It's not like I threw a toilet through the windshield!

The Pizza Guys walk into the building, leaving Moses with his mess.

Moses: (to himself) I wonder if they've found the place yet....

Scene 3: M

Setting: Behind the cash register. Tom, Bill, John and the manager squat behind the counter in a tight circle.

Manager: OK. Here's the plan. John, I want you to take Tom and learn him the ropes as it 'twere. Bill, we need more ice up front in the waitress's... whatever that thing is that they keep ice in. I'm going to masturbate in the employee bathroom.

They clap their hands and make grunting noises. Then they spring up and run to their delegated menial labor. Moses appears from the customer bathroom. He sings happily to himself.

Moses: (runs toward the front door to greet new customers) What a rarity! What a rarity indeed! (Moses skids to a halt in front of the people.)

John and Tom stand next to the delivery bag shelf. Mr. Oil oils pans.

John: (hands Tom a Colt 45) Here, take this.

Tom accepts the gun. While he examines it, Bill approaches with a bucket of ice. Bill stops in front of John. They wriggle their eyebrows. Tom remains gawking at the big gun in his hands. (Hypnotic-psychedelic Zen meditation music plays.)

Bill: Imagine, if you will, standing in a room with one thousand lobsters. There is a solitary door in the small white room. For each lobster there is a stick of butter. The door opens and a waitress enters the room. In her left hand is a lit cigarette.

The meditation music suddenly stops when Bill drops the ice bucket. Bill looks embarrassed. He runs off stage while singing the Irish folk song, "Oh Danny Boy". John watches him leave. Tom continues staring in amazement at the gun. The cook walks out of the kitchen and slides a pizza into a delivery bag.

Cook: Delivery up.

John: (slaps Tom on the bottom) Let's go. (John lets his newly lit cigarette fall to the ground. He pulls out a hard-pack from his shirt sleeve.)

In the background Sally put pizzas into the dishwasher.

Scene 4: S

Setting: In John's car which is a white Ford Fiesta (card board cut out) with lots of stickers and three duck decoys covering the exterior. Inside sit John, Tom and an incredible amount of refuse. John starts his car. They drive away as a flat bed tow truck (cardboard cut out) loads up both previously destroyed cardboard cars. Tom doesn't seem to notice. He's still scrutinizing the gun. A steaming hot delivery bag rests on Tom's lap.

John: (drives like a madman. The police are close behind, sirens off.) Ever kiss a car stereo, Tom?

Tom: No. Why? (detaches his visual fixation from the gun) Have you?

John: (ignoring Tom's question) Didn't think so. (makes a sharp turn and police sirens wail. Tom peers nervously out the back window.) Listen, Tom, I need to make a quick stop at Radio Shit to pick up a spare part for this car stereo I know. It's been acting a little odd lately. I think it needs a new diode. Further more, you should know that I get really edgy when things seem even a bit odd. Know what I mean?

Tom looks confused. Suddenly the passenger door opens and Tom's seat swivels 90 degrees to the left. Tom faces John. The road rushes past them at one hundred and six kilometers per hour. They're driving through a school "slow retards at play" zone.

Tom: I guess so, but what...

Tom's seat belt unbuckles itself. The passenger seat pops backwards out of the car. Tom screams (and is dragged off stage by ropes connected to his seat).

Tom: AAAHHHRGK! (We see him tumble along the road and off stage)

John: (continues without pause. The passenger door closes itself.) Geez! Why was he wearing a seat belt? Probably thinks I'm a lousy driver. What a dork! Then again maybe I am or maybe I don't know shit.

Scene 5: S

Setting: The waitress station.

Bill throws a bucket of ice onto the floor. A.F.E. sneaks up behind him. Stepping backwards, Bill collides into A.F.E. He almost knocks over the pizza tray she carrys.

Bill: (turning around) Hey! Watch where you're going you stu- (He comes face to face with A.F.E. His tone quickly changes to one of gentle innocence.) I'm sorry. That was my fault. Are you o.k.?

A.F.E.: (ice cold voice) Out of my way, scum.

Bill: (timid) I really am sorry. I try to be nice. I try to be civil to you. Yet, you've never said a kind word to me. Why?

A.F.E. fills two large glasses with Pepsi.

Bill: Am I that repulsive? The first thing you said to me was 'Nip off prick face!' Why?

A.F.E.: (puts the glasses onto a tray and walks out to the dining area) Flush your self, Bill.

Bill: (smiles as she leaves) She said my name! She said my name!

Scene 6: S

Setting: John pulls in front of a suburban home. Checking the address, he nods to himself. He gets out of the car and walks to the front door. His empty car casually rolls away. John rings the doorbell. A retarded girl opens the door. The car is now out of sight.

John: Hi there! I'm sterile! Did you order a pizza from Pizza Slut an hour or so ago?

retard #1: (says something incomprehensible)

John: Well, yeah. Uh, actually, I didn't bring the pizza. I lost it. But I'm sure you know how that is. (another retarded girl comes to the door)

retard #2: (says something incomprehensible)

John: Yeah, right. So I say to myself, 'What would I do in this sort of situation since I'm in it anyway?' Right?

The retards smile knowingly at John.

John: Whatever. Is there anyone here beside you things?

Another retarded girl appears at the doorway behind the first two. They show no intentions of opening the screen door or going to fetch someone who might have known what was going on.

John: OK! I'll see you dudes later!

John steps off their front porch. The three girls smile and wave goodbye. John is slightly surprised to find his car missing.

As John walks to the side walk, the three girls all scream, "Get out of my Yard! Get out of my Yard!" over and over. Ignoring this and throwing up his hands in surrender, John wanders along the sidewalk (in the same general direction his car went). He picks a tree branch up from the ground and runs it along a white picket fence in front of the 'tard' household.

John: (mumbles to himself) Damnit! I've got to walk all the way back to Radio Shack and shoplift another diode. I never should've left that diode in my car. Never! How could I be so stupid!

Scene 7: S

Setting: Back in the Pizza Hut Prep-room. Bill stands with a bucket of ice. Tom has returned to Pizza Hut and Mr. Oil continues oiling pans. Sally stands motionless next to the dish washer. Occasional sounds of ecstasy can be heard emanating from the employee bathroom.

Tom: (His uniform is spotless despite skidding along the pavement at high speed. He has the Colt 45 tucked into the back of his pants.) I don't know! He threw me out of his car! At least I think he did. It all happened so fast.

Bill: (annoyed) Hey Oily dude. Let us do that. Go fold some boxes er somthin'.

Mr.Oil retreats to the storage room and commences box folding without protest. Moses emerges from the employee bathroom. He holds up a full pitcher of what looks like beer with a great head of foam. (Upon closer inspection it looks more like a pitcher of urine.) Bill and Tom commence oiling pans. Moses rushes past them and into the dining area. Before Moses reaches the swinging door (which marks

the boundary between the dining area and the work area) the manager bursts into the room and grunts up to Tom. (Moses exits into the dining area.) The manager stops in front of Tom. In his left hand the manager holds an old "Hustler" magazine. His other hand is propped up on his hip and both feet tap the floor simultaneously. He appears rather anxious.

The Manager: (annoyed) Where the hell have you been? (looking straight at Tom)

Bill: Who? me?

The Manager: (disregarding Bill, he shrieks) I want an answer now and it better be good!!!

Tom: (confused and worried) Uh? Er? Um.

Bill: (leans toward Tom and whispers) Delivering a pizza.

Tom: Um? I was.. Uh?

Bill: (whispers) Delivering a pizza. Tell him you were delivering a pizza.

The manager continues tapping his feet. He almost loses his balance due to lack of foot-foot coordination.

Tom: (slowly) I was.. delivering a... pizza?

The Manager: OK! (walks briskly into the employee bathroom)

Cook: Delivery up!

Bill: Later! (looks back to Tom and oils a pan. He throws his bucket of ice all over the floor) You gonna help or stand their like a frog?

Manager: (shouts from inside the employee bathroom -which still emits the occasional moan-) Well stick a pole up my ass and call me a lollipop!

Tom: (oiling pans) Tell me about this John character, and where is my car? (concerned when he says 'car')

Bill: You car is fine. We parked it around front, that's all. John is the kind of guy that would hit a gal, or maybe that's me. (confused) Well anyway, the point is when you're in John's car strange things happen. It's possessed. That's why we always take my car. If you want my advice, stay away from it. And don't get any funny ideas about my car stereo either.

Tom: Speaking of car steroes, John said he needed to get a diode for a car stereo.

Bill: What!? (fills a pan to the rim with oil)

From the bathroom we here the manager's muffled voice.

Manager: Tom! Hey Tom!

Tom: (looks around) Yes?

Manager: Tell me what Bill is wearing!

Tom: Um, well. (looks at Bill) He's wearing a Pizza Hut uniform, just like the rest of us.

Manager: Oh God! Yes! Oh God!!!

Tom: (inspects Bill's overflowing pan of oil) Do we need that much oil in the pans?

Bill shuffles off to the ice maker (ignoring Tom). He pulls out another bucket full of ice. He huffs back toward the dining area and into the waitress station which is almost totally blocked off with ice cubes. Bill throws the ice onto the melting mound and goes back for more. Sally remains motionless next to the dish washer.

During the time that Bill walks back and forth piling more ice in the waitress station, the Manager emerges from the small employee bathroom. He approaches Tom and watches him oil pans.

Tom: (after the manager stares at him for a few seconds) (leans toward the manager and whispers) Why is that girl standing there? (points at Sally who is still motionless and also starting at Tom.)

Manager: She's no fool. She knows that Bill does not eat what he can not smell. She lies orderless until danger passes.

Tom: Huh?

Manager: (takes off his pants. Pizza Hut shirt tails hang down and obscure any glimpse we might desire of his genitals) Ok, there. Clock out.

Tom: I never clocked in.

Manager: Don't you worry about that. I'll have it taken care of. I'm the manager you know. I can do that. I can do anything! Return tomorrow and I'll see what we can do about this impotence problem. See ya 'round, kid-o! (heads toward the dining area)

Scene inside a scene: M

Setting: On a jumbo jet airliner. The audience faces the front of the plane and looks upon hundreds of seated, quite passengers (as many extras or volunteers as possible). There are three rows of seats. Window rows have three seats and the center row has five seats. The front and center seat is empty. All the passengers on the plane are (nearly identical) business men and (various ethnic groups of) girl scouts (or who ever is available). A little nervous, they are seated in an orderly fashion of boy-girl-boy-girl, with girl scouts sitting at the window seats on either side.

John stands at the front of the plane. He holds a grenade in one hand, an Uzi sub-machine gun in the other and has dynamite strapped to his chest.

John: (tense) Nobody move or I'll blow us fuckin' sky high! (He begins to flail his arms about wildly) Time to say adios! Charlie on the spot!

Back to the story...

The cook bursts out of the kitchen (this is the only time in the play that the cook gets excited). He swings a menacing pizza pan over his head. The cook lets out a blood curdling scream and charges. Tom narrowly dodges a deadly blow. Tom scrambles out the back door with the cook close behind. Once Tom is out the back door, the cook immediately relaxes and lights himself a cigarette. He takes a leisure drag off the smoke and strolls into the kitchen.

Manager: (walks back into the work area and looks around as if he's lost something) Bill? Time to wipe! (the manager dissapears into the employee bathroom. Bill emerges from the dining area with an urgent expression on his face and a handful of napkins clutched in his hands. He runs into the employee bathroom.)

Bill: (ecstatic) Yes! Yes! Yes!

Scene 8: S

Setting: Behind Pizza Hut (parking lot).

John: (has parachuted into a nearby tree) AHHH! Foosbats and garglesnots! Someone HELP ME!!! BILL!! HELP!!!

Inside Pizza Hut Bill pretends to poop more ice into the waitress station. He stops as if he hears something. The manager walks up behind him.

Manager: That's enough ice.

Bill: (holds his hand over the manager's mouth) Listen! Do you here something? (pause) I do! My car stereo is in trouble. Later! (Bill runs out the back.)

Manager: (looks at the massive pile of ice cubes) Until it melts. (pause) I need a laxative.

Behind Pizza Hut, Bill finds John hanging from a tree. Girl Scout cookie boxes and briefcases are scattered about the well trimmed lawn and adjacent parking lot. Bill runs underneath John. His car has returned to the parking lot. (it is fully repaired)

Bill: John! My stereo system! Is it ok?

John: (bored and slightly annoyed) Help me.

Bill stands directly under John. John fiddles with his parachute straps. The straps come undone. John falls free. They both scream a cry of prolonged terror as John plummets (is slowly lowered) toward Bill's uplifted face of fear. A burst of light, not unlike ball lightning (or puff of smoke), explodes into existence where Bill and John collide. The ground is charred in a circle of five meter radius around a single figure lying face down. Bill and John have merged into one due to the extremely unlikely sequence of events which led up to the impact. For a second it (Bill-John) is still. Then the hybrid humanoid stands up with a goofy looking grin (for convenience we'll call him Ken). Ken walks over to Bill's car

(grinning and wobbling his head like it isn't attached right). As he approaches Bill's car, the romantic part of 'In a Persian Market' plays.

Ken opens the driver side door and gracefully steps into the car. He closes the curtains (which previously weren't there). The car splits open so we can see inside. Reaching into a pocket, Ken pulls out a radio component (the diode from Radio Shack) along with a few condoms, bubble gum wrappers and pieces of string. Holding the diode, he throws the other stuff onto the passenger seat. He looks at the car stereo and gently pulls it out to expose a lot of extremely complex circuitry (complex for a car tape player). With loving tenderness he inserts the new component. Ken brings his face close to the front of the tape player. His hot breath steams up the black plastic covering of the tape deck and his passion for the electronic equipment expands with each gentle kiss on the tuning dial. The music intensifies. Ken kisses more personal parts of the tape deck with increasing desire. When he tongues the tape deck receptacle (and a 'Pixis' tape pops out which he quickly throws to the floor) the car closes (all curtains are drawn, so we can't see inside). The romantic music climaxes. The car rocks back and forth in wild spasms of rapture experienced by and between Ken and the car stereo.

Scene 9: L

Setting: Inside the break room. The pizza guys (separate bodies again) are stretched out on lawn chairs by the back wall of the grimy break room. Moses is near the exit on an uncomfortable chair. The robed man watches a driver's safety training film on a small black and white television while eating a ham sandwich. Bill and John take long drags off their cigarettes.

John: I always dream in color. As far as I can tell. You know why there's no smell in our dreams?

Bill: No, why dude?

John: During REM sleep, PGO waves from the brain stem never reach the olfaction center. Or maybe Its because the 1st cranial nerve is unique in that it does not enervate the thamamus. Shit, I don't know.

Bill: I had a killer dream last night.

John: Oh yeah? I'll pretend like I want to hear about it.

Bill: I was attacked by this huge snake creature. Maybe it was a python, yeah, it was a python, er something. (confused but quickly moves on) This sucker must have been 50 centimeters in diameter and 30 meters long! It wrapped around me and squeezed all the blood to my brain! I grab it's ugly head and choked the thing like the violently insane! I strangled it or broke it's neck. It went limp and died. That was the end of the dream. Weird, huh?

John: (serious) That was no dream. (pauses for effect) I barely got out alive.

A moment of silence crystallizes out of the stage's empty corners. Bill and John puff on. Slowly, Moses turns his head.

Moses: (disgusted) You guys are fags! (Moses exits without turning off the TV. He leaves half of his sandwich.)

Another few seconds drip away.

Bill: (to John) Wanna listen to some tunes in my car?

John: Yeah, man! (They leave Pizza Hut via the back door. Bill grabs the left-over sandwich on the way out.)

Scene 10: M

Setting: In the Dining area of Pizza Hut. Moses has his arms wrapped around the manager. The manager appears uncomfortable in the intimate embrace.

Moses: (sobs) I don't want to be a delivery guy! It's not fair (drools on manager's shoulder) I want to greet people with a smile.

Manager: My God man! Get a hold of yourself. (feebly struggles to get away from Moses and fails)

Scene 11: M

Setting: Bill and John drive along another nice suburban road. Frank Sinatra love songs plays on Bill's car stereo. Bill wears a golfer's cap and drives with the caution of a senior citizen.

John: Once upon a time, no one got between me and my guitar.

Bill: (emphatic) No one will keep me from my dream!

John: I put my faith in a loud guitar and committed my soul to rock and roll!

Bill: (slowly turns a corner) I hear ya dude!

John: Then it was gone. My desire to live within the groove of a base and drum rifts was on par with using sand paper to wipe my ass. The extra-heavy coarse stuff.

Bill: (perks up) Does that work? It could help people with tough anal-dermis and considerable crusty build-up.

John: Lost dreams are sad things to chance upon. They weren't kidding when they said 'Trust Jhon,' or was that 'Thrust Jesus?' The proverbial 'They' that is.

Bill: Envision this as an advertising slogan. (pause) The Butt Stick, so strong and effective you can even skip a day. Eh? (John looks at Bill and says nothing.) You know, roll-on deodorant, on an oversized roll-on device made specially to fit the form and function of your anal port... What do you think?

They are rammed from behind by the mysterious brown van.

Bill: What the...

The van pulls next to the passenger side. The driver waves a cassette tape at them.

John: Watch out man! (ducks for cover) He's got a gun!!!

Scene inside a scene: L

The stage is transformed in a frantic scurry of activity. Bill holds up a large sign. John holds a pillow. A girl named Angela (desire) stands idly by. A long line of men wait anxiously (The line extends off the stage).

Bill: First time boys? Don't be nervous. Everything will be just fine!

John and Angela step into a baby pool (ceter stage). Bill tacks his sign at the head of the line. He then organizes the men into a straight, single file line. The sign reads, "Come one, come all! 1$"

Bill: Your attention please! (men fall silent) If I could have a single file line. Starting with you sir...

John tosses the pillow into the baby pool (the deep end). Angela begins to undress.

John: We'll give you a minute to prepare. (leaves to get in line)

The well ordered line extends off the stage and into the parking lot.

John: (yells from the back of the line) Commence the festivities!

Bill: (shouts) Have your dollar out and unfolded when you get to the front of the line.

The first man hands Bill a dollar.

Bill: (removes a hot dog from his pocket and eats it.) Right this way, sir.

The man hops into the pool and dry humps Angela. She reads a book and eats a sandwich. The man finishes in seconds. Bill takes a dollar from each man as they run into the pool at the rate of about one per second. From off stage, someone sprays water into the baby pool. The queue of men (having paid their dollar) quickly builds up. At first they hover outside the pool and wait for Angela to be dismounted before another jumps on. As more men arrive at the perimeter of the pool, multiple and tandem coupling takes over. Eventually Angela is hidden under a mound of men. More men enter the center stage. Bill keeps grabbing money from them. Late arrivers surround the pool and attempt to mate with the pile of men inside the pool. John arrives on stage. Bill hands him half of the money. They inspect the wads of one dollar bills and wander off stage.

The lights dim slowly on the pile of gyrating men.

Scene 11: S (continued)

Bill throws his car into high gear. This is just another exciting high speed chase scene made for theatre. The pizza guys cruise past kids on big wheels and over kids playing ball in the street. With the van only a few meters behind, they race toward a railroad crossing. The blinking crossing gates descend. A massive locomotive freight train approaches from stage right. Bill and John smash through the gates

and barely cross the tracks before the train reaches the junction. Having narrowly missed Bill's car, the train is on an immanent collision course with the van.

John and Bill jump out of the Toyota. They grab cables which lift the van into the air. The van hangs a few feet off the ground directly above the train tracks. The van's driver presses his face against the passenger window. He holds a Lead Zeppelin cassette tape in one hand. His jaw is agape. The train slams into the suspended van (at an impact velocity of at least 3 miles per hour!) and shatters it into a multitude of fragments. Bright red letters blink above the stage which read, "Speed doesn't kill, impact does!" The van is destroyed. Bill and John weld the cables together. The cable snags on the train and derails it.

A short clip of J.F.K. being shot is projected onto the falling train. Subtitles in the upper left hand side read, "Which came first? The chicken or my foot?"

John leans backwards. Bill laughs and pours juice (from a 4 liter liquid container) into John's mouth and up his nose.

The derailed train explodes in a chain of fireballs. Each explotions sends deadly shock waves through the audience. Bill and John stand in the midst of this tornado of catastrophe.

John: I wonder what this is all about?

Bill: (huge explosions in background) What? You mean life in general?

John: Yeah. (another explosion shatters windows for miles around)

Bill: Don't make a big thing out of it. (turns to walk away) Let's go get a drink.

Scene 12: S

Setting: In front of a big red barn. Above the barn's main entrance is a large sign which reads "No Fags". The main doors have been replaced. In their stead hang large purple curtains. We here the pizza guys pledging their allegiance to a flag.

The curtains open and the barn pulls apart to reveal the stage. The pizza guys stand in front of a hillbilly jug band. Bill and John are naked (Bill wears his Pizza Hut hat, and a name tag pierced thru his left nipple. Fresh blood dribbles down his abdomen.) During their pledge of allegiance, they randomly alternate hand signals from; hand on heart, hiel Hitler, peace, fart power sign, white power sign, black power sign, to a finger cross. They make lot's of mistakes and the P.A. system creates a lot of annoying feedback. Once they finish with the pledge a crowd of offstage people scream.

Seventy-eight naked, professional body builders (all male) jog onstage and square dance to "Shakedown Street" by The Grateful Dead. A giant disco ball lowers from the ceiling. It almost touches the floor. Bill and John join a group of square dancers. They groove onstage for a few seconds. Then suddenly they are killed. Their bloody remains (each split right down the center) lie on the floor. The body builders continue dancing around like the pansies they are.

Act 3

Scene 1: M

Setting: The sun rises over Dominics. All employees (the manager, A.F.E., Bill, John, Tom, Mr.Oil, Sally and the cook) arrive in the Pizza Hut parking lot simultaneously. Tom (in his repaired Lamborgini) parks in the same dangerous spot as the day before. Bill and John pull up (screeching to a halt) next to him. They wait while the manager struggles with the lock. He sets off the alarm. Eventually the manager gets the door open and enters through the back door. Inside the dining room, all the seats are occupied with hungry customers. There is no short supply of pizza and beer which covers each table.

Manager: (yells over the blaring alarm) Almighty God! Let's make some money today!

Bill and John together: (barely audible over the alarm's sonic blast.) Fuck you.

In the work room, Tom, A.F.E, Mr.Oil and the cook clock in. Bill and John wait with time cards at the end of the line.

John: I thought I was the driver this morning?

Bill: Whatever dork.

Bill is about to punch in with his time card when he hears the cook's voice.

Cook: Delivery up!

Bill and John drop their time cards and sprint for the pizza. John wins the race and grabs the bag.

John: (excited!) Dude, let's go!!!

Bill and John dart past the manager (still trying to figure out the alarm system). They bound over the ramp railing (Bill first) and onto the hood of Tom's car leaving nice dents (or crushing it if it is made of cardboard). Bill leaps from the hood of Tom's car onto the roof of his own and slides smoothly into the driver's seat through his open window. John hurdles off the Lamborgini and plunges head first through the closed passenger window (new and unbroken). While crashing through the window, John drops the pizza bag. Before he can open the door to retrieve it Bill drives away.

Back inside Pizza Hut, Tom washes a HUGE pile of dirty dishes. Sally stands motionless beside him. A.F.E. drifts up to Tom and acts as if she's going to help.

A.F.E.: So where ya from Tommy? (touching his arm)

Tom: (gulps) I'm from California, Miss?

A.F.E.: Ohh, don't you go callin' me that. Call me Squeeze Rag, like all the other guys!

Tom: Does anyone else wash dishes, Miss, er squeeze bag? Like that girl? (points at Sally) She's been watching me for an hour now. It's spooky, she never says a word.

A.F.E.: (giggles) Now, now, don't be afraid. I'll take care of you. (puts her arms around him and rubs her inner thigh against his hip) Tell me what you're wearing, Tommy!

Tom backs away from A.F.E. She clings to him. He knocks over a stack of pizza pans (all full of oil).

Tom: Opps!

A.F.E.: Take me now, Tommy! (breathing hard) The sound of clattering steel drives me wild!! Let's do it in the freezer!!!

Tom struggles to get away.

Cook: (from the kitchen) Delivery up!

Tom: Er, I better get that! (peeling A.F.E. off of him, he grabs the delivery bag and runs out the back)

Insert clip:

Bill and John drive through the violent side of town. (Scene of gang fights out side the car as John looks at a road map.)

John: I don't think this map is going to help us. It says Saskatchewan, Canada at the top.

Bill: Look in the glove compartment you nit! And get out another tape. (pause) We're going to need more gas. (gunshots ring out as the scene shifts)

Tom's exotic Lamborgini pulls into the driveway of a mansion. Tom lifts up the car door and steps out with his shiny new red pizza delivery bag. He shuts the door and briskly jogs to the front steps. Tom rings the door bell, then fidgets. A beautiful woman answers the door. She is scantily clad in green lingerie.

Woman #1: (seductive, husky voice) Come in you hunk of pizza delivering flesh! (She licks her lips and straddles the heavy wooden door.)

Tom: Is this 203 Westmoreland Street? I have a delivery for Mr. Shaw?

Woman #1: That's me! (Baby talk voice) Now come inside. I'll pay you any way you want me, handsome.

Tom: That's 12 dollars. (makes an effort to hand her the pizza box in a civilized manner) Uh, I'm sorry. The training films said 'under no circumstance is the delivery man to enter any house'. You never know what kind of wacos are out there!

Insert clip:

Bill and John drive across the desert.

Bill: There's got to be a dam around here somewhere!

John: That was Four Corners. (looks over his shoulder and sees nothing but barren land) Wanna stop and check it out? (notices the absence of police cars hot on their tail) Maybe we're lost...

Bill: (imagines twenty police cars emerging from the desert sand) AHHHGK!!

Bill drives in tight circles as the hallucinations bear down on his position.

Scene 2: L

Setting: Meanwhile, Tom makes 34 deliveries. He stands at the doorway and trys to hand a pizza to each and every beautiful woman. They want nothing more than to bring Tom inside and chastise him severely (until her husband returns). They each are dressed in alluring lingerie (of various styles) (except the last few who are naked and pose in erotic positions) Tom gets a quick full length, frontal view of each specimen. "Flight of the Barking Death Squirrels" by the Gland Puppies plays in the background.

After this rapid fire gratuitous women gawking scene, Tom arrives at a Kim's home. He rings the doorbell. No one answers. Twice more he rings without a response. Reaching out to ring a fourth time, the door opens. Kim (wearing large sunglasses) stands behind a screen door. She stares at him.

Kim: (cold-as-ice voice) What?

Tom: I have a pizza for Mrs. Kimber E. Poo. Is that you? (smiles)

Kim: (not amused) Yes. Wait here. (She slams the door in Tom's face.)

Tom whistles nervously to himself (the tune is not distinguishable). The door re-opens.

Kim: Do you take credit?

Tom: Er? I don't think so, but I could -

Kim: Check?

Tom: (smiles) Sure!

Kim tosses a check out the door. She grabs the pizza and slams the door in his face before Tom can express his gratitude.

Tom: (to the door) Thanks! (bends over backwards to pick up the check.)

He puts the check away and trots to his car. Slipping carefully into the elitist car, he closes the door like a real champ. The engine roars to life. Before Tom puts the car in gear he is crushed by a huge meteorite. NO! NO, just kidding. Actually, Tom's car is swallowed by a large trap door in Kim's drive way.

Insert clip:

Bill and John drive down an Olympic sized ski jump.

Bill: Something about this place looks familiar.

John fastens his seat belt. Bill enjoys an ice cream cone.

Scene 3: M

Setting: In Kim's dungeon! (basement) Tom is chained to a slab of granite. Kim paces around him. She still sports the dark glasses and holds a cat o' nine tails.

Kim: (angry) Where is he?

Tom: Who? (whimpering) Who? If you'd tell me who, maybe I could help but-

Kim: (stops pacing) You know damn well who! (bends over Tom's face) I watched you this morning. You stood right next to them! I saw you oiling pans! And YES! (triumphantly) it was I who threw you out of John's car. Don't ask me who when you know damn well who.

Tom: You mean the guys at work? John? Bill? The cook? Who?

Kim: (runs off stage and returns dressed in leather strips) I'm not going to wait much longer. I've got more productive things to do than listen to you (screams last word and hits the slab next to Tom's face with the cat o' nine tails) whimpering!!

Tom: I swear (starting to cry). I'll tell you everything. They left this morning and never came back. I don't know where they went, I swear!

Kim: You obviously know more than you're revealing. (she walks off stage but we still hear her voice) So, I'm going to do something that I haven't done in a long time. Maybe 'IT' will convince you to talk! (She wheels in a bulky apparatus. The thing makes a hideous grinding noise as she pushes it toward Tom. Once its in place lots of chains, balls and spikes dangle over Tom's restrained head.) After we've been through this you will tell me everything!

Scene 4: S

Setting: Bill and John roll up to Pizza Hut. They exit Bill's car. Moses runs to them with a half eaten bread stick, lit cigarette and a package of condoms in one hand and a pizza delivery bag in the other.

Moses: (frantic, worried) Guys! Guys! Tom's gone! He could be in trouble! You've got to help, PLEASE!

John: Whoa there, Mosey. Slow down! What's this about Tom?

Moses: He left on a delivery fifteen minutes ago. He hasn't even called! Fifteen minutes!!! Anything could happen in fifteen minutes. We're worried. You've got to do something! Please!!! Help us.

Bill: (looks to John with a grave, concerned expression) Sounds like the kids in trouble.

John: Yeah. Let's ride!

Bill and John return to the car.

Moses: (following them) I'd go with, but there's a group of three coming in. I need to greet them. Here's the last address Tom delivered. (hands John the pink delivery slip though the broken passenger side window). While you're out, deliver this, too. (hands John delivery bag)

John: (takes the pink slip and delivery bag) Thanks Mosey dude.

Moses: (bites into a breadstick) Whatever. (Puts cigarette in his mouth)

Bill peels out. They head off for Tom's last delivery (Kim's house).

John: (opens up the pizza box) Wow! This one's still hot!

Bill: (unbelieving) What?

John: (takes a bite) Want a piece?

Bill: Later. We've got to help Tom. Ready the equipment! (Bill's car stereo cranks out some killer tunez!)

Bill's car cruises down a street with cops trailing close behind.

John: Wait up a sec. That was it!

Bill does a one-eighty. Three trailing police cars fly past and avoid colliding with Bill's car. The lead cop cruiser hits a small child on a 'Green Machine.' Bill burns more rubber and smashes through Kim's garage door.

Scene 5: L

Setting: Kim's demolished garage. The pizza guys stumble out of Bill's car. Each carries a vast array of weaponry and body armor including; flack jackets, M-60's (two each), concussion grenades, special Terrorist Raiding army boots (standard army issue) and night vision goggles. They've got it all!

Bill performs multiple complicated hand signals. They clatter toward a door leading into the house. As they move, the pizza guys emit sounds of "hut, hut, hut". They stand on opposite sides of the door. Bill breaks it open with the butt of his machine gun. The door flies open. Bill jumps into the doorway and is hit with automatic machine gun fire from inside. Bill's body is propelled across the garage. It lands on the hood of his car. When the gunshots cease John leaps into the doorway and fires hundreds of rounds into the house.

John: AHHHHH!!! (yells while shooting) I'll get you bastards! You killed my partner! AHHHHH! (He stops shooting and retreats to Bill's car.) Bill? Bill! You're O.K. dude. (He slaps Bill in the face.)

Bill: (opening his eyes) What?

Rob Sutton walks on stage. He performs an idiotic, trademark smile and points at his ear.

Bill: (Getting off the car, he grunts) EAR!!!

John: Oh, Man! (with a hint of disappointment) I thought you were dead!

Bill: Not even a flesh wound. I don't think? (confused expression)

John: You look swell! (sighs) Wow! There must be some serious international terrorists in there!

Bill: Yeah? What about Tom!? Let's move out. (Bill runs into the open doorway) Cover me!

Bill rampages into the house. John follows, stops at the doorway and shoots a single round. He (John) ceases fire, stands up straight and lets the machine gun hang limp at his side. It becomes very quiet.

John: Bewps... (embarrassed) Sorry dude. Hey man? You OK? Gonna get up again? Yer trying to trick me aren't ya? (walks into the house -off stage-)

Scene 6: M

Setting: In the forest seen at the dawn of this movie script. The clown skips down a mountain trail. He halts to pet a 'ten point' elk which feeds on birch bark (painted on backdrop canvas). The elk is oblivious to the clown's presence.

Clown: (pets elk) (in sweet and cutsy voice) Hey there little guy! Have you ever wanted to get your ears pierced?

The clown returns to the trail. The path is well worn, the type tourists inevitably traverse. A group of four is currently hiking toward the clown (The elk flees as the group of hikers approach). The lead hiker pauses and points at the clown. The rest giggle.

Hiker #1: (when clown is within 5 meters) Excuse me sir, I was wondering if you were the type of clown which might enjoy eating a juicy hamburger.

Clown: (stops and smiles knowingly) No thank-you! I'm a vegetarian!!

Hiker #1 + #2: Ahhh!

Clown: Well, need to get movin' along. Lot's of ground to cover!

Hikers #2-#4: Bye!

The clown and hikers return from whence they came.

Scene 7: S

Setting: Bill and John prepare to open the basement door. They stand in a bullet riddled hallway.

John: Go!

Bill kicks in the door. John lofts a concussion grenade into a small closet.

Bill: (panic) Oh God!! Run.

Insert scene: (long boring scene)

John and the Clown sit at a poker table in Kim's basement. Ash trays full of lit cigarettes are strewn about the room. A thick cloud of smoke hovers above John's head. Coordinated Universal Standard Time (broadcast on short-wave radio at 5, 10, 15 and 25 KHz) plays softly in the back ground. It clicks every second. At the first minute break it announces, 'at the tone the time will be... six thirty-four, coordinated universal time.'

John rips up a page of newsprint. He toses the pieces into a black hat. Finished, he pulls the shredded pieces from the hat and rips them into smaller pieces. The clown watches John's endless cycle without moving. Universal time ticks away. 'At the tone the time will be... six thirty-six, coordinated universal time.'

John: (bored) Nobody's going to read this newspaper.

Clown: Nope, John. They sure won't.

Ken and Paul enter the basement. Ken is excited until he sits at the table. He takes a chair across from John and the clown. Paul follows close behind and assumes position to the clown's left. Universal time ticks away. 'At the tone the time will be six thirty-five... coordinated universal time.' Paul and the clown watch John tear paper. Ken shuffles a deck of cards.

John: Nobody's going to read this newspaper.

Clown: Nope John. They sure won't.

Every one sits in silence except for the radio, shuffling of cards and ripping of newspaper. Paul begins to fidget. He claps his hands and stands.

Paul: Whelp, guys... I gotta go. (He playfully punches the clown on the arm.) See ya later!

The clown does not respond.

Paul: I'll see you guys later. (waves to the clown) I said, 'see you later.'

The clown ignores him and stares at John. Ken shuffles cards. Universal time ticks away, 'At the tone the time will be six forty... coordinated universal time.' Paul extends his hand to shake with the clown. The clown ignores it.

Paul: It's been great meeting you! (waits with his hand held in front of the clown's face) Aren't you gonna to shake my hand?

John: Nobody's going to read this newspaper.

Clown: Nope John. They sure won't.

Paul: Well, Bye! Goodnight... (pause) See ya'll later. (waves to clown) Nice seeing you. Hello? I'll see you guys later. I've got to head out now. (waits for a response)

Ken shuffles cards. The clown stares at John. John rips newspaper and puts tiny pieces into the hat. Universal time ticks away. 'At the tone the time will be six forty-one... coordinated universal time.' Paul stands by the clown for another moment.

Paul: OK, catch ya on the flip side, eh? (pause) Bye. Hey, I've enjoyed your company, but I've got places to go, things to see and people to meet! I'm sure you know how it is. So, I'll just be off. (pauses) Aren't you even going to say good-bye? Please.

Everyone continues their chosen occupation for another minute. Paul awaits some response. None comes forthwith. Universal time ticks away. 'At the tone the time will be six forty-two... coordinated universal time.'

John: Nobody's going to read this newspaper.

Clown: Nope, John. They sure won't.

Paul: (sighs) I'm not leaving until someone says good-bye to me.

Scene 7: S (continued)

The blast from the grenade knocks Bill and John to the floor. A cloud of plaster fills the hallway. The closet is destroyed.

Bill: I told you it was the other door. (stands up and wipes dust from his face) You never listen to me.

John: (gets up) Ok. Let's try the other one.

They go through the same routine with the next door across the hallway. It is the basement door. A second after the blast they bound down the steps. They dive for cover in Kim's basement and fire their assault weapons. Arrows pierce the wall behind them. They advance halfway across the basement. Kim throws Ping-pong balls at them. One hits Bill in the head but he keeps on trucking. What a warrior!!

The room remains well lit. The pizza guys stop to dawn night vision goggles. (Ideally we would give everyone in the audience night vision goggles, but we have to be realistic, right?) Bill and John creep around a wall separating the basement into large halves. Bill peeks around the corner. He sees Kim standing over Tom. She holds a strange medical instrument.

Bill: (turns back to John and whispers) We've got to move now!

The pizza guys spring from their cover and spray rapid automatic machine-gun fire in the general direction of Kim and Tom. Tom is still strapped to the ganite slab. Kim leisurely capers off to stage right. John and Bill advance in a blaze of glory.

John: Get him free! I'll hold off the girl! (John takes up a defensive position between Tom and where Kim disappeared.)

Bill: (Screaming over gun fire) We're gonna get you outa here, Tom. Hold on! (Bill undoes the strange torturing device wrapped around Tom's body. He stops and holds up a spiked tube connected to a Hoover vacuum cleaner) Wow! What did she do with this?

Tom: (gargles) Ma? Is my bike OK? (His eyes role backward into his skull)

Bill: We've gotta get him outa here! John! He's in bad shape! Real bad!

John hurls another grenade. Bill hoists the unconscious pizza delivery man onto his back.

Bill: Let's get outa here NOW!!! (staggers toward the stairs with Tom on his back.)

The grenade explodes and knocks them all to the ground. The basement fills with dark dust (fog). They appear from a haze of debris (Bill carrying Tom, John providing cover with seemingly endless machine gun fire.) They exit at stage left.

Bill blasts Kim's front door open with a bazooka. All three (Tom being carried) scramble through the flaming remains of a foyer onto the stage. Bill's car sits (unscathed) in Kim's driveway. Kim's garage door has been refurbished and painted a color which doesn't go well with the rest of the house.

The pizza guys head for Bill's car. Dusk has set. The light of a full moon casts an eerie glow on the front lawn. Kim appears from her trap door in the driveway. She holds (strapped over her right shoulder) a massive machine Gatlin gun, revolver destructo weapon. Kim fires at the three pizza guys as she is lifted to ground level. The pizza guys are pelted backward under the deadly metal hail. The bullets stop after a few seconds. Kim walks toward the three prostrate guys. She inhales deeply though a burning cigarette.

Bill and John scramble to their feet. Their weapons were blasted off their body armor.

Bill: (frantic) Run away! Run Away!

They abandon Tom. Kim fills the air with bullets just for the fun of it. She walks to Tom and stands over him. John and Bill escape into the audience.

Kim casts an evil smile across Tom's body. She points the massive weapon at his face and pulls the trigger. Lights out.

Scene 8: L

John drives a firetruck with an enormous bong attached to the top. Bill sits in the passenger seat. He throws pieces of a dismembered dog out the window. The pizza guys wear funny looking firehats, firecoats and waist high boots.

John maneuvers the firetruck next to a group of poorly made houses. The shanty town is covered with sheet metal roofing. Jamaicans stream out of the shacks toward the firetruck. They shout, "Everybody! It's Nancy! Nancy has brought some herb for us! Guess who's coming for dinner!? Nancy Dread Locks!" Bill and John look at each other. They put their hands to their heads and make funny faces by stretching their mouths. Then their heads explode. A thermonuclear bomb (hidden in the bong) explodes on stage.

Act 4

Scene 1: S

Setting: The pizza guys drag themselves to Pizza Hut early the next morning. They're sporting combat fatigues (no weapons) from the failed assault on Kim's fortress. Underneath the tattered remains of camouflage and body armor are clean uniforms.

Bill: (burnt out) (He is frantically smoking and visibly shaking) Raging lunatics meet blinking showgirls. So, as we tread along the path of life dogs barks close at your heels. Street lights flicker. Occasionally someone peers out of a darkened window, or at least we imagine the voyeur's gaze weighing heavily upon us. Really, this is just as well... What's the difference?

John: (hungry) Spinach, squirrel turkey loaf? What time is it?

Bill: (Sends John a glance which tries to say, "Fag!") She was beautiful, I mean really symmetrical. (Bill's Award Winning Speech) I saw confusion and anger in her eyebrows. She struggled to extract information from a computer. Her long dark hair trickled across the smooth skin of her face and draped languidly over a well worn jeenjacket. She made me picture her on a private beach where, the idols of society frolic, far from the distant turmoil of life. One of the chosen, perfect lips, perfect nose, perfect ears... Then she stood up and I died in my chair. Paralyzed by my hope of quenching long burning desires that had plagued me for so long... And she was gone. (John sneezes) She left before I realized the impact she'd had on my life. My castle in the air floated away. She caused irreparable damage to my abilitys of setting attainable goals. Once set within reach and now so distant as to be virtually inconceivable. But alas, is it not better to have seen such splendor than to be happily ignorant? Even though the knowledge branded into neural network haunts me nonstop in dreams night and day. A reflection of me drowns within her waves so beautiful and strange. She is always there. When she dances though my head I can no longer tell what is real and what she gave me. Just a glimpse, an empty promise is all she gave me. Nothing but light scattered off that which I am hardwired to desire. I was so naive. If my programs could feel with the intensity of emotion they've set into perpetuation. If only. If only... (Bill whimpers to himself with these last few words.)

John: Hey man... What is it? (John is tired and unconcerned. Bill struggles to hide tears. He is on the vedge of a nervous breakdown.) I see I'll have to explain our tardiness myself. (They're in the back parking lot of Pizza Hut.)

The manager sits on the ramp. He gives himself an insulin shot as the pizza guys approach. The manager looks up to see the dirty warriors. He seems to forget the needle stuck in his arm (it hangs there for the remainder of the film.)

Manager: Bill, you're late!

Bill: Oh, gosh. (wiping tears from his eyes) Sorry.

Manager: (glances around like he's tracking a fly circling his head) Spiders! They're every where, man!

John: (sighs and stretches) What say you, we make us a pizza breakfast, eh? Crazy Blil?

Bill is about to sadly concur when Tom's Lamborgini rolls up. The door opens half way. Tom's bullet riddled body slumps out of the driver's seat. It lays motionless, half in and half out of the car.

John: (laughs) You're half way there, Tommy Boy!

Silence.

John: (to Bill) I told you he'd make it on his own! (smiles to himself) Hey Tom! How'd ya make it dude?

Tom does not reply. The manager grumbles and enjoys a convulsion.

Manager: (recovers from convulsion) (walks around the car to stand in front of Tom's motionless body) Where the hell have you been, boy?

No response.

Manager: I said where have you been?

Bill: (nudges Tom's shoulder with his foot and whispers) Delivering a pizza. Tell him you were delivering a pizza.

John's car approaches to the "Jaws" theme sound. All three have their backs to the parking lot (from where John's car approaches). Tom does not answer. He's still dead.

John, Bill and the manager stare down at Tom's face (encrusted in blood and mashed with numerous bullet holes)

Bill: Maybe he's hurt?

John: Man! (waves his hand in front of his face) You smell like a rotting corpse! That's awesome!

With a wild what-the-hell's-going-on look, John pivots and pushes Bill to the right and the manager to the left before his car slams into the driver's side of Tom's Lamborgini (thereby nicely severing Tom's body). Bill and the Manager both narrowly escape the collision. John avoids the impact by leaping over his car. He lands (with a few acrobatic flips for good measure) safely behind his car (which is now imbedded in Tom's Lamborgini).

Bill: (walks around the wreck and takes hold of the manager's arm) Let's get this guy inside in case anyone needs to pay for services rendered.

Bill and John drag the manager, who seems to have gone temporarily catatonic schizoid, around the wrecked cars and into Pizza Hut. Inside, they prop up the manager next to the cash register.

Bill: Our faithful scarecrow.

John: It's time to bake the bread sticks.

Scene 2: M

Setting: A rockin' New Years eve party. In the center of the social swirl sits the clown on a sofa. He holds an unopened (generic) beer can. In front of him (and the object of his intense concentration) is a TV screen which is tuned to static. Some random person in the back ground says "three hours until-."

Scene 3: L

Setting: John and Bill gently set two massive lengths of dough into the oven. The cook prepares pizzas at a furious rate.

Bill: Don't mind the bread sticks. We'll have 'em outa your way in a jiffy!

The pizza guys stand between the kitchen and prep room. Mr.Oil is oiling pans. Bill wriggles his eyebrows and smiles maniacally.

Bill: And so it came to pass. The deception of Angela stood healthy and strong. For days we lived in a world where one we knew not so well was definitely misled about a few things concerning us. Time passed. Her spirit grew weak. We sprayed our bodies with Defiance Mace every night before drifting off to sleep. For it was the spirit in our minds--

A rumbling noise distracts Bill. He stops. The stage shakes as if an earthquake has hit. Well oiled pizza pans clatter to the ground. From the tiled floor next to the dough mixer emerges a giant rat like creature. Moses runs from the prep room with his arms flailing about wildly. He screams.

Moses: Armageddon!! It's Armageddon! God has come to claim his pizza. Run for your lives!!!

The rat creature makes a screeching noise and rears it's ugly head. Mr. Oil (who is closest to the creature) ignores it and continues oiling pans. The rat-thing grabs Mr. Oil's leg and starts eating. Mr. Oil struggles to oil another pan. The Rat's mouth enlarges and Mr. Oil is swallowed whole. Poor Mr. Oil makes one last desperate reach for the oiling nozzle before he dissapears into the rat's maw. As he disappears blood spurts on the pans he was oiling. Bill and John watch this in awe struck horror.

Bill: The fool! I told him to fold boxes!

The cook walks into the prep room. He picks up a stack of bloody, but well oiled, pans. The Rat jumps back into it's hole. The cook returns to the kitchen. Bill and John cautiously creep toward the hole. They peer down the black burrow.

John: Let's overlook this.

Bill: Yeah.

Scene 4: S

Setting: In a parking lot, Bill stands alone. In his hands is a three meter long bread stick. He projects a presence not unlike that of a majestic warrior from the middle ages. (Actually, he looks like a pizza guy.)

At the far side of the parking lot (other side of the stage) John sits in his car. He, too, holds a mammoth breadstick out the driverside window.

Bill: (to himself) I see that our bread sticks are of equal length!

John: (solemn) Reap the whirlwind.

John's car accelerates. Bill assumes a slightly crouched I'm-gonna-hold-my-ground stance. John's white Ford Fiesta (extravagant decorations included) bears down on Bill. Bill is impaled by John's bread stick. Bill's bread stick glances harmlessly off John's windshield. John speeds past and off stage. Bill is left alone on stage. He lies flat on his back with a bread stick through his chest. John walks back on stage. He puts his foot on Bill's face in a sign of conquering victory.

John: I was but a student, now I am the master!

Bill's feeble hand grabs John's Pizza Hut standard issue pant leg.

Bill: (in a raspy, barely alive voice) You can not win, John. I am everyone, and no one. I am every where, and no where. I am more powerfull that you can possibly imagine. I am (gags, and his bloody hand falls to the ground)

Scene 5: S

Setting: The Pizza Hut dining room.

The manager stands by the cash register. Once again, he has no pants on. A customer walks to the counter. The cook leans against a wall to the manager's left.

Customer: Do you take Visa?

The manger grasps the Visa card. He slides it through his sweaty butt crack and returns it to the customer. As the customer leaves, a large law enforcement official bearing the uniform of a Royal Canadian Mountie enters Pizza Hut. Three other (lesser) police men follow close behind. They bravely approach the check out counter where the manager stares at the inside of an empty cash register. The manager still has the hypodermic needle stuck in his arm. The cook excuses himself and returns to the kitchen. The manager looks up from the empty cash register and gawks at the enforcers of justice and morality with an almost psychopathic grin.

Manager: Can I help you gentlemen? (giggles to himself knowingly)

Police Man: (stern, authoritative voice) I'm here to find one Bill Hickey and one John Won.

Manager: Let me guess -

Police Man: I have a warrant for their arrests.

Manager: (a bit surprised with a hint of inebriation) Really!? What for?

Police Man: They have been charged, convicted and sentenced for murder, destruction of government property, public indecency, and inciting riots at three weddings.

Exciting one note musical crash. Bill and John stick their heads through the order window in the kitchen (which opens directly behind the front check out counter).

Manager: (suddenly apathetic) Oh. They're back in the kitchen. (points to the kitchen with his thumb and resumes a waxy catatonic stance)

The police force dashes into the work area of Pizza Hut. John and Bill race out of the kitchen. The two pizza guys make a bee line for the back door. The lead officer is one step behind. They crash through the door and leap over the railing onto Tom's (once again brand new) Lamborgini. John's car is gone. Bill's car is parked next to the Lamborgini. The police officers leap one after another onto the hood of Tom's car. Bill and John scramble through the Toyota's open windows. Rather than simply apprehend the two pizza guys (criminals) the cops run for their own cars (parked just behind Bill's Toyota).

John lights a smoke from a pack of Kool cigarettes. Bill fumbles through his pocket, presumably looking for his keys. He finds nothing but coupons. John reaches above Bill's head and pulls the sun visor down. The keys fall onto Bill's lap.

John: Same place as always... What's the matter Bill? Nervous?

The police jump into their vehicles. With sirens blaring they peel out toward Bill's car (parked five meters in front of the lead police car). (There are four Canadian police cars.)

Bill fiddles with the tuning dial in search of a rockin' tune for any exciting car chase. John blows smoke rings out the passenger window. Eventually, Bill stops messing around with the stereo when he finds the song "Moon River."

John: (whines) No! Not this! Change it, please! (Bill growls and looks for a new station) By the way, Bill, when was the last time you checked your tire pressure? (Bill hands John a tire pressure gauge.)

John gets out of the car. He look at the tire gauge then at the wheel. He kneels down by the right front tire and lets all the air pressure out of it.

John: (a bit embarrassed) I think this tire needs some air...

John and Bill struggle with the spare tire in the dark. The pizza guys finally replace the flat tire as the sun dawns on a new day. They climb through the open windows and restart the car.

John: (lights a new cigarette) O.K.! Let's ride!

The police are still in hot pursuit of the pizza guys.

Bill drives slowly away from the restaurant. They wave farewell. Moses, sitting out back and eating a small pizza with bread sticks, ignores them. Bill stops at a street intersection and checks both directions before pulling into sparse traffic. Four police cars whip into the street after Bill has established his presence on the road. The cops cause four or five fatal accidents in their wake (and run over a few young kids for good measure).

John: They're still there!

Bill: Damn it! We can't lose these guys. They're good! (looks at John) Get the Popcorn. It's our only hope.

John leans into the back of the car. He picks up Popcorn from under Bill's seat. John ties kite string around the cat's tail. Popcorn emits a cute "meow." Bill opens the sun roof (which was never there before). John sticks his better half out of it along with the cat. He throws the cat in the general direction of the lead cop car. The cat crashes through a side windshield. Popcorn licks the face of the lead driver causing him to swerve violently. This results in a chain reaction ending in the destruction of all four Canadian police cars and the subsequent death of all police men in those cars. John reels the cat back into the car. The Toyota drives off stage. More cops arrive at the scene of the accident. R.C.M. bodies are strewn about the wreckage. The living cops mill about as if at a cocktail party. Instead of drinks they each have doghnuts and coffee.

Scene 6: M

Setting: Another parking lot. The Toyota sits empty in center stage. Bill & John stand at opposite corners. Both hold large bread sticks.

John: The stereo is mine! You'll have to kill me to stop me from having it!

Bill: If death is all that stops the wedge from being driven between myself and my one true love, then so be it you bastard!

They charge at each other and engage in a complex sword fight (with giant bread sticks). Dancing the deadly waltz of professional swashbucklers, they twirl around the parking lot. Bill makes a few witty (random ad-libs) remarks. Bill slips whilst picking his nose and falls. John kicks him really hard. Bill crashes through the front windshield of his car. A second later a really big toilet seat (twice the average size) falls from the sky and lands on Bill's head.

John: (mumbles to himself) Lucky bastard. (out loud) You win this time. But beware, I'll be back!

Bill's head is crushed underneath the toilet. His hand rests peacfully on the car stereo.

Scene 7: L

Setting: Back at the rockin' New Year's eve bash. The clown stands up after watching the blank TV for three hours straight. People congratulate each other on living through another hellish nightmare of a year and say things like, "Happy new ear!" One person stands on his head. (This person is Mark)

The Clown: (stands in front of the inverted human. He holds out an unopened can of generic beer in a generous fashion.) Wanna brewski dude?

Mark: (smiles) No thanks!

Scene 8: S

Setting: Inside the Prep room. John is about to punch his time card. Wether he's just arrived and punching in or punching out after a hard day's work is unknownable. Before inserting the time card, he is distracted by the cook.

Cook: Delivery up!

Dropping his card, he rushes to the pizza.

John sprints out the back door, bounds over the railing onto Tom's car and climbs into his Ford (still embedded in the Lamborgini). Bill's car is also present. Bill and the toilet seat still lie in the same position as they were last seen.

John backs out of the Lamborgini, revealing the severed remains of Tom Cruise. John sets off on another delivery adventure. He pulls into Dunkin Doughnuts, parks his car, gets out and walks into the store. The empty Ford Fiesta backs out of the parking space and drives off stage right.

Inside the store John considers buying a doughnut.

John: (to Doughnut Lady) When I was young I used to spell doughnuts 'd-o-g-n-u-t-s'. That's pretty weird huh?

The Doughnut Lady displays her incredible bulk.

John: Er, I think I'll have a chocolate Long John. (smiles)

Doughnut Lady: (grunts and grabs a handful of doughnuts. She throws a bag of five Boston Cremes onto the counter and rings it up on the cash register.) That'll be one-fifthy. (grunt)

John: I'm sorry, what did you say? One what?

Doughnut Lady: (angry, which makes her even more hideous) One-fifty (grunts twice and vomits.)

John: (inpects the vomit for money then rummages through his pockets. He pulls out a few Pizza Hut coupons) Opps! All I've got are coupons. I doubt you'd take a 'two dollars off on a large pizza' coupon for a doughnut. Would you? (Doughnut Lady doesn't respond) I'll just run out to my car and get some cash. Hold on one sec. I'll be right back. (grabs bag of doughnuts)

Doughnut Lady: (grunts)

John walks out of Dunkin Doughnuts and exists stage left.

Scene 9:L

Setting: Bill and Moses stand on a melting pile of ice. Moses folds napkins around silver ware. He hears the front door bell signal the entrance of costomers. There are dozens of diners in the restraunt. Bill and Moses are the only visible employees.

Bill: (to Moses) You going to get that?

Moses: (shrugs his shoulders) It's not my department, anymore.

With a burst of energy Bill rushes out to seat the new customer.

Bill: Hi! (big smile) Just one? Follow me!

Audrie (the crazy lady): (her long frizzy, graying hair and the way she keeps her hands pointed straight down seem a bit odd)--(to herself) It's not my fault they wouldn't listen. I told them once. I tell them every day (follows Bill to a booth). Keep your feet out of the crock pot! Do they listen to me? Do they listen? (in a deeper voice) Audrie, be still why don't you? Settle down. Have some nice food. Eat the nice food! (She sits in the seat that Bill gestures to.) (mumbles) Rude candle...

Bill: Don't go anywhere. (smiles again)

Audrie: (as Bill leaves) I tried to make the Kitty litter box as nice, fancy and clean as possible. (higher pitch) Audrie! Stop kicking me under the table! I'm gonna tell Percila. Give back my dolls. (screams as Bill returns with two drinks) Percila!!! (Bill sits down across from her)

Bill: (produces a large dildo from his shirt pocket and grunts the word) BIIIILLLLLLDDOOE (He swings the instrument around his head by a conveniently attached string.) Hi! I'm crazy Bill Pineapple. Kick me in the face and find out why they call me the 'Raisin Man'!

Audrie mounts the table. Before her foot hit's Bill's face the lights go out.

Scene 10: M

Setting: John walks along the street. He stops in front of White's Tavern. A sand bag hits the ground with deadly force a few meters away. He looks to the sky and sees a beautiful hot air balloon

directly over head. The word 'EAR' is written on the fabric of the balloon. Captivated by the spectacle, he forgets about the sand bag and waves at the feminine figure (Kim) leaning over the edge. She drops another sand bag (causing the balloon to rise). It narrowly misses John. He continues to wave as a third bag smashes onto the stage floor. Kim mounts a machine gun on the rim of the balloon basket. The balloon floats out of site. John watches with a big smile. He waves one last farewell.

John: (shouts) Rock on!!

He swaggers into White's Tavern. An old Chinese man beckons him to sit at his booth. John takes a seat across from the dirty old man.

Wise man: (raspy oriental accent) Tommy Boy! Did they tell you about the new price for chicken wings?

John: What? (slams a tequila shot and sucks down the worm)

Wise man: Did they say anything about our menus?

John: I don't know what yer talkin' about ol' dude.

Wise man: Did they give you a better deal? Huh Tommy Boy?!?

John: (shakes his head and gets up to leave) You're wakko man! (John walks out the front door)

Scene 11: S

Setting: Pizza Hut dinning area. Bill sits across from Audrie (the crazy lady) Moses stands at the edge of their table. His right arm is outstretched (in a 'Hiel Hitler' stance). His other hand rests on his head.

Moses: Hail to thee BeeBo Bungle, the human equivalent of a Snickers Candy Bar Bar! (disappears in a puff of smoke)

Bill fixes his deadly gaze on Audrie.

Bill: What would you say to your self if you happened to meet in a place like this? (raises full glass of Pepsi to his mouth but does not drink)

Audrie: (quivering with fear) It's not my fault, it's not MY fault, it's not my fault, it's not My fault, it's NOT my FAULT!

Bill: I would realize that, as far as I'm concerned, this was the most important person alive! (almost takes another drink) You see, if I met myself there would be nothing I could do which would help me more than helping the identical me that I met. The better his life, the better my life. Because I am he, and he would be me.

Audrie: (makes gargling noise while Bill speaks)

Bill: It's only another small irrational step to conclude that we're all pretty much the same. If we would all pretend to be the same person, say for instance me, then things would be just fine! In fact, they would be perfect!!!!

Audrie: (making farting sounds, not regular flagellation sounds but the howling wind-through-a-canyon type of fart sound.)

Bill: A lot of people agree with what I've told you. Insofar that if they were me, they think it would be neat if the rest of the world's inhabitants were also me. It's funny how these nascent ideas grow. Truth be told, some times I can't tell myself apart from anyone else. Like right now!

Audrie: You read to much! You're always reading that darn book! Why don't you quit reading?

Bill: (beams triumphantly) And they said I couldn't deliver pizzas! (confused) Or was that conceptualize?

Audrie: Do you smell that? I was only nine years old when my first father beat me...

John bursts into the restaurant through the front door. He run's toward their table and does a perfect leaping fart. Audrie's face takes the brunt of the blast force from John's anus. John lands with a definitive thud. John and Bill make the power fart sign (crossing both arms in front of one's body), complete with mean faces. After making a spectacle of himself, John takes a seat next to Audrie.

John: What's up here boy and girl? (he picks up a glass but doesn't drink - there are now three refreshing beverages on the table)

Bill: We're crossbreeding realities.

John: Oh yeah!? Hey, Billy, while it's tickling my brain, your stereo needs a new part!

Bill: (concerned) You mean?

John: Yeah. (pause) It needs a new part. It's broken!

Bill: (gets up) Excuse me, Audrie. I must prepare for the journey to Radio Shack where soon we shall purchase a piece of machinery. (Bill leaves for the customer bathroom. John and Audrie sit quietly.)

The cook places a large pan pizza before them. Audrie holds a piece of pizza in her right hand. They look deep into each others eyes.

Audrie: What do I do... with this... pizza??? (only the word 'pizza' is stated as a question.)

John: (looking past Audrie he casually states...) Toy with it.

Scene 12: M

Setting: In the kitchen. The cook prepares pizzas. He haphazardly tosses ingredients onto the pizza pies one after another (tipping cigarette ashes onto one). This scene gives the audience a false impression that at least one employee puts a little elbow grease into the job.

Scene 13: S

Setting: In the customer bathroom. Bill washes his feet in the sink. On the toilet stall's wall is a large sign which reads 'Top Secret'. Tom Cruise emerges from beneath the bathroom stall to the sound of a flushing toilet.

Tom: (in a sort-of-but-not-really-scary ghost-like voice) Billllll!

Bill: Tom! So this is where you've been hiding all day! You're lookin' fine, man! How's that spot where the spiked metallic intestinal probe was lodged?

Tom: Bill... Beware!!!

Bill: Tom? Are you all right? You look terribly transparent. Or is this me? Me? Who am I? It?

Tom: Beware the Snake Lady!!! She wants to make a nasty of you!!!

Bill: (reaches out to touch Tom. He puts his hand through the image -i.e. super low budget special effects- Bill actually reaches behind Tom.) Hey!! that's neat!! (Tom disappears in a puff of smoke) Wow!!! Golly. My gracious? Hey Tom? How'd ya do that? Tom?

John and Audrie balance spoons on their noses. (John can't do it.) There is a large hot fudge Sunday sitting in front of Audrie. Bill returns.

Bill: Ready to ride?

John's spoon clatters to the table.

John: Sure. Let's do the deed, dude. (turns to Audrie. She remains with the spoon balanced, like a real champ) Keep practicing! And remember what I told you. If you want that trophy bad enough... You'll get it!

Bill: (to Audrie) Mind if I borrow that spoon?

Audrie: (with spoon still hanging precariously from her nasal appendage) Susan?

Bill gently takes the spoon off of Audrie's nose. He scoops up a bite of ice cream.

John: (advisory tone) Remember Bill, you're not just borrowing Audrie's spoon. You're borrowing the spoon of everyone with whom she's shared dining utensils with in the last nine years. Let's do a few quick calculations (pulls out a calculator and throws it into the audience). (Bill eats the ice cream.) We'll assume that she's shared dining utensils with at least two people per year for the last five years. Each person she shared utensils with also borrowed dining utensils from two other people over--

Bill: (replaces the spoon on Audrie's nose) Shut up, fag!!

They march out of the dining room and leave Pizza Hut via the back door.

Scene 14: L-M

Setting: This scene is set to Gustav Holst's powerful music portraying Mars from the symphony *The Planets*. Bill displays the inner workings of his tape deck to the audience. We see vast amounts of exquisitely complex circuitry. Bill pulls out more circuitry boards. He holds them lovingly for the audience's approval before tossing them onto the back seat. The song builds up to it's first semi-climax. John, shrouded in circuit diagrams, points to the center of a wiring map.

John: (excited) That's it! Right there! That's where we need a 26.4 micro Farad capacitor! (He throws the diagrams and a dog into the back seat. Bill jams the car into first gear. They are determined.)

Bill's car peel out.

As the first timpani drum roles are heard, the scene changes to Dunkin Doughnuts. Kim gets into her car with a box of a dozen Dunkin Doughnuts ($3.17). She drives.

Bill: Sharing experiences about being gay can decrease feelings of isolation and can be an important benefit of coming out.

John: (perplexed) What?

Bill: It's not as big as most people seem to expect.

John: Your rod? (hearty laugh which quickly turns into violent coughing)

Bill: (turns on air conditioning. They lounge in air conditioned comfort.) On TV it's easy. They use special effects to make it appear larger than life. Up close and personal, the sight is often a monumental let down.

John: Isn't that how it is with all super heroes? I mean-

Bill: (defensive) I was contemplating what time will and won't wash away before you rudely interrupted me! I got stuck with my inability to see time as relative to space and motion. So I directed my thoughts wayward into the realm of one's responsibilities or rights of experiencing various types of situations. After all, how can one comprehend without a repertoire of experiences to use as cognitive templates in the analysis? This quickly led me to an infinite digression. I created what seemed to be a mental image of my dilemma. However, now (pause) it seems to have left my immediate memories....(last words trail off into a whisper.)

John: First of all, I'd like to say that thinking in terms of time and space isn't going to resolve a thing. Consider the universe as a simple sentence. Matter is the noun. Energy is the verb. You can only catch a glimpse. Anything more is intolerable. Without your built in protective devices or circuit breakers, if you will, it would have driven you insane. Unless, which may be the case, you're to dumb to realize the sheer stupidity encompassed in humanity. It is massive, with more than a life of it's own. Life, the result of pointlessness and lack of good planning. A point of non-paradoxical enthalpy spewing entropy into the void. This often troubles me, usually when I'm concentrating on falling asleep but can not due to intense sinus discomfort.

John: (continues as Bill falls asleep at the wheel) Self existent and self destructive. These are the blithering of my own mental confinements. They astound me. My conservative estimates all turn inside out, as well they should. Initial premises dissolve like ideas scrawled on loose bits of paper and posited into the vastness of an ocean or toilet, never to be seen again. Dissolved like six dimensional knots that once formed a theory of what we are.

Bill: (awakens, startled to find himself driving) Shane-Kor the mighty warrior hasn't the slightest trouble imagining the fourth dimension. (shouts) Circles! Circles! Circles!

John: What? I was talking abou-

Bill: (points ahead and interrupts) There it is! (Radio Shack sign or Golden Arches, whatever is convenient)

Bill and John walk into the store. They look really mean. They approach the sales clerk. John holds a fully loaded Magnum behind his back. Three other people (a mother, father and their 18 year old daughter who is going off to college) browse the store, looking at alarm clocks.

John: (demands) Give us a 26.4 micro Farad capacitor.

Sales Clerk (played by Paul Reubens): (reaches behind counter, without looking pulls out the capacitor. He places it quickly but gently on the counter) Will you be paying for this with cash, credit or check?

Bill: We won't be paying for this. (grabs capacitor)

John whips out his mighty weapon and fires six rounds at the family. Blood explodes from the girls head and sprays over the alarm clocks. The mother and father are both knocked over by shots to the chest and head. They die before hitting the ground, without even the time to scream in horror. After killing the family the pizza guys leave. The sales clerk watches all this without flinching.

Back out in a parking lot. The slow part of the song plays. The pizza guys, dressed in sterile operating gowns, huddle around their patient (Bill's stereo). Lots of unnecessary medical and mechanical tools are strewn about the hood of Bill's car.

Bill: (his mouth hidden beneath a sterile mask) Most paper, electrolytic and ceramic capacitors have their printing on the capacitor. Mica capacitors are color coded as shown in figure 3-10 (points to a diagrammatic sketch of circuitry). This figure is based on the current EIA color code. Not all capacitors are color-coded in this way. Additional information on capacitor color coding is contained in Allied's Electronics Data Handbook.

The 'super evil' section of the song takes over. We shift to Kim's car. She drives along. In synchrony with the first low notes of the main theme, Kim lights a cigarette with the car's cigarette lighter. After it's lit she throws the lighter out the window.

The delicate operation being performed by Bill and John continues. A nurse hands them operating instruments. Atul A Shah makes his cameo appearance as the nurse's assistant. He looks nervous even hidden beneath his operating mask. He wears a turban instead of the normal surgical head covering. Carefully, he wipes the sweat off of John's brow. All actors wear surgical masking. It is impossible to tell who speaks.

John: (spoken by Atul A. Shah) Forward transmittance, and output admittance compare with transconductance and output load impedance in vacuum tubes.

Bill: (spoken by Atul A. Shah) The symbol for forward transmittance is y sub fs, and is the ratio of input voltage-

John: (spoken by Atul A. Shah) to out-put current in mhos, the same as g sub m in vacuum tubes. Some manufacturers use the symbols g sub m or g sub fs.

Bill: (spoken by Atul A. Shah) Or G sub 21.

John: (spoken by Atul A. Shah) It is a good practice to grasp the terminal leads tightly with lose nosed pliers.

Bill: (spoken by Atul A. Shah) Or channel locks.

John: (spoken by Atul A. Shah) Position them between the transistor body and the joint being soldered. With this arrangement, any heat traveling along the wire will be shunted away from the transistor housing.

Bill: (spoken by Atul A. Shah) It is desirable to retain the pliers on the wire for a short time after the iron has been removed to make certain that all of the heat has dissipated. It is also good practice to provide such a heat shield when other wires are being soldered to terminal lugs.

The operation is completed with the long drum role near the finale of Gustav Holst's music. The nurse and Atul A. Shah disappear in a cloud of smoke. Bill and John rip off their surgical clothing. Underneath they wear normal (Pizza Hut) clothes.

Bill: (reaches to the stereo's "on" button) That ought to do it! (He turns the switch. Nothing.)

John: (incredulous) What!?!?

Bill fiddles with multiple knobs. John watches in distress as the car stereo fails to respond. Kim arrives on stage, at the edge of the parking lot. She assembles a rocket launcher.

Bill: This can't be happening. What a nightmare!

John: (apathetic) This isn't happening, it's theater.

Bill: (frantic) Even if one or five of the main systems went down we should still get some rockin' tunes outta this baby! It has seventy-two thousand backup systems. The chance that all could go kaput at the same time is less than that of a giant cluster of dinosaurs falling from the sky and crushing us like ants within the next few musical frames.

With the first of the final crashing notes of Mars in *The Planets*, Bill kicks the stereo as hard as he can. Then again!!! The second kick jolts opens a secret panel. Inside are an outlet and an unplugged extension cord.

John: (excited) Wait! (plugs in the cord)

They lean in close to the stereo. It produces a faint hissing and crackling.

Bill: (spoken by Harrison Ford - Han Solo - in Star Wars. Bill does a very bad lip synching job.) I've got a bad feeling about this.

The pizza guys scramble away from the car as if their lives are in immediate danger. Across the parking lot, Kim (seated in her automobile) points a wire guided missile launcher at Bill's vehicle. During the second to last crash of notes in the music, she launches her weapon. An instant before the car is destroyed, Popcorn peers helpless (and very cute) out the front window of Bill's car.

The car bursts into a giant fireball of destruction. The last note of Gustav Holst's music is drowned out by the explosion's sheer wall of noise.

Scene 15: S

Setting: After Bill's car is utterly destroyed, the stage is transformed into a common cafeteria. Three black men sit around a small table. They are dressed in dishwasher/janitor style clothing. Behind them, looking over their shoulders, is a man with a broom. They seem to be on break. Then again, this may be their peek working performance. The cafeteria is almost empty of customers.

Man#1: Dat dang Kimmy! (smiles) Dey be payin' shim a heep-a-too much, if'n sha's a been able to take a day off!

Man#2: Mmmmm hhmmm!

Man#1: Day B-4 lass un I'sa jiven wit 'em 'n' sha says a dat we playin' da fools ta shew up 'n' work ous sweet buns off hea'!

Man#3: Soun's a like ol' Kimmy been dissen us if'n ya ass dis nigga.

The stage lights are darkened. A narrow spotlight illuminates Bill's face. His face is in the cut out center of a cow.

Bill: (babbling and head bobbing) Last name first, first name last. First name last, last name first. First name first, first name last, first name last, last name last. Last name fir-

Back to the Cafeteria help.

Man#3: Bess Kentucky FFFFRRRIIIEEEDDD!!! Chicken I EVER did have, uh huh!

Man#2: Mmmmm Hmmm!!

Man#3: We cooked it up RIGHT! Yes!

Man#1: Hey homey? What up wit chew and dose shoes der boy?

John stands in the Pizza Hut kitchen. The cook makes a pizza with his back to the audience. John is ready for action.

John: (suddenly) I smell dog shit! Quick, everybody get down and roll around on the ground.

John falls to the kitchen floor and gyrates. The cook turns to face the audience. He rolls his eyes then goes back to finish the pizzas.

Bill pushes over the cardboard cut out cow and runs offstage. This is symbolic of how he (Bill) runs away with the script (or plot, or whatever) leaving nothing but a stupid, confused, cardboard cut out cow. The likes of which has no purpose other than to subsist on bland grass until it is unwittingly lead to the slaughter house or milked. What's the difference?

John leans way back in a chair. His shoulders are braced against a wall. His eyes are closed. He sits in the corner of a high school class room. At the front of the room is a bald man with thick glasses. Fluorescent lights reflect off the lenses making it appear as if lasers beam out of his eyes.

Teacher: John?

John awakens. The class stares at him. A few giggles escape from a girl to his left.

Teacher: Are you ok, John?

Scene 16: M

Setting: The pizza guys lie in a ditch near Bill's car. Smoke rises furiously from the Toyota's burned out hulk. Kim waits in her car for John.

John: (to Bill) Dueling penni?

Bill: Not now dude! There's something I need to take kEAR of.

Bill walks to Kim's car. John pulls a bag of carrots out of a pocket. He eats a bite of a carrot and peeks over the edge of the ditch to watch Bill.

Kim sits in her car, and stares straight into the audience. Bill never really looks at Kim. He also looks forward at presumably whatever Kim is or isn't viewing.

Bill: (taps on the ceiling. He rests his right arm on the roof of the car directly above Kim's head) Nice day. Isn't it?

Kim doesn't respond. She continues smoking and staring into the distance.

Bill: You know, (pause) some people aren't satisfied. They just aren't content with who or what they are. And so they run around littering the world with their ideas like glitter on a strip dancer's body.

Kim tips her ashes onto Bill's foot.

John no longer watches. He sits in the ditch and eats carrots. He sets the bag of carrots on the ground. A cute little bunny rabbit (not an albino) hops up and eats out of the bag. The rabbit growls. Froth drools from it's rabid jaws (but it still manages to look extremely cuddly). John crawls offstage.

Bill: I'm not saying this is wrong. Many times the glitter, which in this case represents a certain ideal or way of doing things, is good and may replace outmoded behaviors or dogmas.

Kim lights another cigarette.

Bill: But, there are the unfortunate few, the bad apples who insist on spreading self destructive memes which cause trouble every where they pop up. (pauses) Ideas like life is meaningless, everything is predetermined and all we can do is be swept along the current of what is, never being held responsible for our actions because they were fated. Another good example is religion or gesturing while talking on the phone. (pauses as Kim insists on ignoring him) What's the point? When the person you're talking to can't even see you? Perhaps we should consider it practice for the future when we'll all have video phones. If the future ever gets here.

Kim drives away. Bill stands in exactly the same position. His arm is still supported by the car which has left. He maintains his forward gaze as Kim drives offstage.

Bill stands like a mime. John's car pulls in behind him. It stops perfectly next so that Bill's arm rests on top of the roof (next to a new goose decoy). John sits in the driver seat, eating a carrot (to promote the import of good nutrition) and smoking a cigarette.

John: I found my car.

Bill: John? Have you ever met anyone you just couldn't understand?

John: No.

Bill: Someone that seemed interesting enough, but when it came right down to it... You realized that it was hopeless. Mainly because your separate realities were so disparate that intelligible communication wasn't practical.

John: It sounds great!

Bill: Maybe not impossible, but definitely not practical. Like giving yourself a haircut with a chainsaw or using Brill Cream in place of toothpaste. It sounds good in theory. It even looks like a good attempt at the real thing, but it doesn't taste right. (John drives away leaving Bill in the same statue-like stance. Bill babbles on.) That's what's important. You can always tell by the taste. Taste is the one sense that can't be fooled. If something tastes good, rest easy, you're o.k. Unless you like almonds and don't want to die in fifteen minutes. Cyanide tastes like almonds and will kill you in fifteen minutes if ingested orally. (As Bill continues John's car pulls up again. This time John sits in the passenger seat.) To keep myself physically strong, mentally awake and morally straight... Or was that morally awake?

John: (yells) Hey Blil!,

Bill bends over to peer into John's car.

John: Let's go, dude!

Bill enters the car (via the door for the first and only time in the movie). The car drives away. As they cruise along (no music) the car steers itself. John eats more carrots.

Bill: Where are we going?

John: I don't know. It does this some times. Lately I've given up all attempts at control. I prefer to let the car go where it pleases. Perhaps it's taking us to the place where your armpit hair ends and my mustache begins.

Bill: Huh? Whatever. You know how it is. Where ever you go, there you are! (looks at the steering wheel as it turns a corner under it's own power) Neato! Well, (throws up his hands) say I don't care like an Israeli, but there's no sense in steering now!

John: Don't make a big thing out of it.

The car returns them to the back parking lot of Pizza Hut. They exit the car and watch with unenthusiastic interest as it drives away.

Bill: How long has this been going on?

John: We better get back to work before the Big Guy jumps on our case!

Bill: Yeah!

Moses busts through the back door in a panic.

Moses: (breathing hard) Guys! Guys! Come quick! It's back. It's got the manager! Hurry! Hurry! You've got to stop it before it's to late!

Moses scampers into the parking lot. He rants about the retribution of God and the difference between 'socks' and 'sex'. Bill and John look at each other, shrug their shoulders and toss their cigarettes onto the pavement. As they walk into Pizza Hut we hear the clattering of pizza pans and screams of pain.

Manager: I am not human cattle!

The Pizza Guys show no sign of urgency. Outside the kitchen the cook leans against the wall and smokes a cigarette. He points toward the rat hole with the hand holding his cigarette. He leisurely brings the smoke back to his lips. Without a word, and before Bill or John see what is around the corner, the cook turns around and lazily returns to the kitchen. The pizza guys step around the corner. They find the manager fighting for his life. The giant rat rips off his arm. The Energizer Bunny walks past beating it's drum. Atul A. Shah's (from off stage) says "Still Going." (We return to the play without pause or paws, as it were.)

Manager: AHHHH! (struggling to escape the rat's deadly maw)

Blood spurts over the floor from the manager's severed arm. The rat bites onto the manager's leg and knocks him over. John rushes to aid the manager. He grabs the rat by the muzzle and trys to pry open it's mouth. Bill watches and lights up a new smoke.

John: Bill! Get me!... Uh... What are those things called? (the manager screams and more blood spurts.)

Bill shrugs to signal that he has no idea what John wants (and doesn't care). He leans against a wall where the cook was.

John: (desperate) You know!?! Those thingys. They look like wrenches only we don't call them wrenches here!!! (Bill shrugs again and smokes, manager shrieks, rat bites) Channel locks!!! That's it, get me the channel locks!

Suddenly, Bill springs into action. He drops his cigarette (which will, after the play is over, cause a fire that burns down the theater). He run's behind the dish washer and re-emerges with channel locks. John continues the battle to keep the rat from biting off the manager's leg.

Bill: (throws the channel locks to John) Sinbad! Your channel locks!

After Bill throws the instrument he leans back against the wall and lights another smoke.

John lets loose of the rat's jaws to catch the channel locks. The rat bites off the manager's leg. The manager howls in excruciating pain. John brings the channel locks violently down on the rat's skull, killing it in one deadly blow. The rat slumps to the floor next to the one armed, one legged, blood gushing manager.

John: (drops the channel locks on the blood stained floor) (to the manager) You OK, man?

Manager: (whimpers, lying in his own blood and clasping the stump of his arm.)

John: Good! (turns to Bill) I need a drink!

Scene 17: M

Setting: Bill and John stand outside the door to the manager's small office. They each hold cans of generic 'Drink'.

Bill: I wonder what he wants. I've never seen what's behind this door.

John: It's an office. I went in there once, a long time ago. Moses told me there was a gun in the manager's desk. (inspects his cigarette) He was trying to get me fired. I didn't find a gun, but I did find this weird electric --

The office door opens. The manager emerges fully healed.

Manager: Come in boys. (He steps aside so the two Pizza Hut delivery guys can squeeze into the small office. Once everyone is inside he closes the door.)

The office has no decor. It is painted white. A single florescent bulb flickers from the ceiling. A 'Certificate of Complete Asshole' hangs on the door. Bill and John can barely stand shoulder to shoulder in the office (once a closet). The manager squeezes into a standard issue school desk (built for kindergartners). Financial statements and invoices clutter the small desk.

Manager: (solemnly) Boys, I decided to do a financial check. Frankly, I was shocked to find that we are bankrupt. We have gone out of business. As of now, you are officially unemployed.

John: Cool, can we leave?

Manager: I'm sorry it came to this. I liked you boys. Well, I liked you, Bill. None the less, this is a dog eat shoe world. Those who can't compete aren't allowed to play in it.

Bill: (pissed off) You dragged us in here for that?

Manager: Protocol. If you'll excuse me, I'm going to commit suicide.

John: Whatever!

John and Bill leave the office and slam the door shut.

John: Need anything?

Bill: Naah! I checked the cash register. It's empty. As usual, the cook got there first.

John: Yeah, he's quick. (glances about) Well then,

Inside the office the manager weeps silently (to the music 'I Gave My Heart' performed by Sinead O' Conner and written by Elton John).

Manager: (emotional) I own half a million baseball cards... (a tear drips down his flushed cheek) Not a single double... (He holds a gun to his head.)

John: (The lights dim in the office. A gun shot rings out it's death toll) Let's go.

They walk out the back door.

Scene 18: S

Setting: John and Bill walk down a street. The gigantic sphere of fusing hydrogen (cardboard sun), eight light minutes beyond (center stage), slowly disappears below the horizon. The Earth spins. "Road Movie to Brazil" by They Might Be Giants plays. John's car roles on stage and runs them over. The empty car crashes over the cardboard sun and then off stage. John and Bill are left for dead.

Scene 19: L

Setting: A nicely furnished bathroom. Kim sits naked on a toilet (no longer wearing sunglasses). She holds a steering wheel and laughs (cackles) madly. After a few seconds of this all the lights in the theater go dark (permanently).

Scene 20: S

Setting: The cafeteria where three black men still loiter at a cafeteria table. They argue about who is the world's all time best basketball player. A single spot light fades onto center stage until the stage is dimly lit. The man with the broom stares at food on the table. Man #1 swivels in his chair to face the broom guy.

Man #1: (angry) You eyein' my food boy?!?

The man holding the broom says nothing. Men #1-#3 jump up and beat the cram out of him.